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WATER-LILIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Down on the lake where the waters sleep
In a trance of leafy gloom,—
Rocked ceaselessly by the lulling swell,
In an endless waste of bloom,
The fair white lilies, the bride-like lilies
Unbosom their rich perfume.

Oh, fragrant, after the stars go out,
And the silent night is done,
When their morning chorus of thankfulness
The wood-birds have begun,
The fair white lilies, the bride-like lilies
Look up to their lord, the sun.

And a spell like that which the lotus owns,
Steals over the charmed air,
When, folding away their shining leaves
So wondrously white and fair,
The fair white lilies, the bride-like lilies
Their golden hearts lay bare.

White angels of the crystal lake
These gorgeous blossoms be,—
There is never a touch of soiling dust
On their radiant drapery,—
The fair white lilies, the bride-like lilies,
Emblems of purity!

THE RUNAWAY MATCH.

A STORY IN FIVE PARTS.

BY HESTER HALLIWELL.

PART IV.

MARY GORING.*

So that warning chill had worked itself out at last, and the tribulation had come. Was it my fault? Was it my fault? I shall ask myself the question to the latest hour of my life. Perhaps, when they invited her to spend some time in their luxurious house, I ought to have remembered the chill, and that it was the first time I saw then together when it had stolen over me, and therefore have refused my consent. But they pressed earnestly for her, saying that a comfort she would be to their unfortunate daughter, and I was laughed at for hinting at any objection to it. Lucy laughed at me; Miss Graves laughed at me; Francis Goring, though she was but a child, laughed at me; and when they inquired my grounds, I had none to give, for not even to myself did I, or could I, define them. "They live in style, they keep gay company, it will be giving Mary ideas beyond her sphere of life," were all the arguments I could urge; none difficult to overcome. So Mary went for a few days at Easter, which would have been nothing, for she came home, I do believe, perfectly whole; but she went again at Midsummer, to accompany Lady Elliot and Clara to the sea-side, and then the mischief was done. What else could have been expected, though, as she was, into the fascinating society of William Elliot?

But who was to know that he would make one of the party? Nobody. In the first week of Lady Elliot's arrival at Spa (as good a name as any other for their marine residence, it not being convenient to give the right one) she was surprised at being followed thither by her son. He was come for some sea-bathing, he said, and forthwith engaged apartments at a hotel. Nine weeks her ladyship remained,—nine weeks! and the whole of that time were he and Mary perpetually together. Sir Thomas Elliot wrote once, a curt, decisive letter of three lines, demanding how much more time he meant to waste, and Mr. William wrote back that he was studying where he was, just as hard as he could in his chambers. So he was: studying the sweet face and pure mind of Mary Goring.

"I guessed how it was," Miss Graves said afterwards to me. "There were climbings up the cliffs; and ramblings on the beach, after tea-shells; and readings in the afternoon; and moonlight lingerings in the garden in the evening; Mr. William could not quite deceive me. I was left to take care of Clara Elliot, while he talked sentiment with Miss Goring."

"Strolling on the beach together, and talking sentiment by moonlight!" I uttered in dismay. "And you could see all this going on, and never write to me!"

"It is the moonlight does it all," peevishly retorted Miss Graves; "sentimental strolls would come to nothing without it. The moon puts more nonsense into young heads than all the novels that ever were written. I'll give you an example. One night they were all out in the garden, Mr. William, Clara, and Miss Goring. A long, narrow strip of ground it was, at the back of the house, stretching down nearly to the sea. Tea came in, and Lady Elliot called from the window, but nobody answered, so I had to hunt them up. I tied my handkerchief over my head, for I had got a touch of the toothache, and away I went. An intensely hot night it was, with the moon as bright as silver, and I looked here, and I looked there, till I got to the end of the garden. On the bench there, fast asleep, with her head resting on the hard rock behind her, was Clara, and, standing close by, was William Elliot with his arm round Mary, both of them gazing at the moon. Now I ask you, Miss Halliwell, or

* We published this chapter about two years ago. But its own powerful interest, and the new light it gains from the chapters which have preceded, and that which is to follow it, justify a republication, now that we give the story entire.

any other impartial person, whether such a scene could have been presented to me in broad daylight? People are reserved enough then, and take care to stand at a respectful distance. The moon is alone to blame, and I'll maintain it."

Dear me! she quite vexed me with her rubbish about the moon. As if, when she saw those two growing fond of each other, she could not have despatched a hint of it to me by the post! "What could Lady Elliot have been thinking of?" I inquired.

"Bless you, she saw nothing of it," returned Miss Graves. "Her idea was that William haunted us for the sake of taking care of Clara, and she was rarely out with us herself. She makes so much of Mr. William: she would never dream of his falling in love with anything less than a lord's daughter. But there's no great harm done. When I was Mary Goring's age, I had lots of attachments, one after the other, and they never came to anything. A dozen at least."

It was so stupid, her comparing herself to Mary Goring! Not that I wish to disparage Miss Graves, who is a very estimable young woman, but she and Mary are differently constituted. Miss Graves is full of practical sobriety, without a grain of romance in her composition, all head; while Mary is made up of refined feeling and imaginative sentiment, all heart. The one would be likely to have a dozen "attachments," and forget them as soon as they were over; but the other, if she once loved, would retain the traces for all her future life. It was of no use, however, saying this to Miss Graves: she would not have understood me, and I was too vexed to argue. Besides, it would not undo what was done.

I saw it as soon as Mary came home. There was a change about the girl: a serene look of inward happiness, an absence of mind to what was going on around her, a giving way to dreamy listlessness of thought. And when, in the course of conversation, it came out that Mr. William Elliot had made one of the party at Spa, my surprised exclamation caused the damask flush in Mary's cheeks to change into glowing, conscious crimson. It is true Mary had, in one of her letters, mentioned Mr. William's name, but I never supposed he was there for more than a day or so: run down to see his mother and sister, by, perhaps an excursion train. So that suspicious crimson convinced me at once: I wished it anywhere but in Mary's face: and when Miss Graves came to our house, a few days subsequently, to spend an evening with us, I spoke to her about it, and hence the above conversation.

"You need not annoy yourself over it," persisted Miss Graves, who was anxious to excuse herself. "If they did fall in love with each other—which I dare say they did, and I won't tell any story about it—they will soon forget it, now they don't meet. If you keep her out of sight when Mr. Elliot calls here, he'll soon cease coming, and the affair will die a natural death."

"Of course Mary will not be permitted to see him," I warmly rejoined; "but as to the affair dying out, that is another thing."

The crosses one's good resolutions meet with! the ruses young people are up to, unsuspected by old ones! Would anybody believe that at that very time, that same identical hour, when I and Miss Graves were in the drawing-room, laying down so cleverly our plans for their separation, they were together, in the dining-parlor below us! Upon my going into that apartment some time afterwards, who should be standing there, at the open window, but Mr. William Elliot and Mary Goring! Enjoying each other's society in the dangerous twilight hour of that summer's night: in the sweet scent of the closing flowers; in the calm rays of the early stars—all dangerous together for two young hearts. The saying of "knocking one down with a feather" could not precisely apply to me, for you might have knocked me down with half a one.

"Well, I'm sure!" I exclaimed, in my astonishment, not quite so courteously, I fear, as politeness to a guest demands, "I did not know you were here, sir. Have you been here long?"

"Not long," replied Mr. William Elliot, advancing to shake hands with me.

Not long! It came into my mind, as he spoke, that I had heard a bustle, as of some one being shown in, a full hour before.

I had not seen him for three months, and his good looks, his winning manners, struck upon me more forcibly than ever. Not so pleasantly as they used to do, for the annoying reflection suggested itself—If they won over to them my old heart, what must they have done by Mary's? I took my resolution: it was to speak openly to him, and I sent Mary up-stairs to Lucy and Miss Graves.

"Mr. Elliot," I began, in my heat, "is this well done?"

He looked fearlessly at me, with his truthful eye and open countenance. There was no guile there.

"Is what well done?" he rejoined.

"I am deeply grieved at having suffered my niece to accompany your mother to the sea-side. I did not know you were to be of the party, or she should certainly not have gone."

that such conduct as you have pursued cannot well fail to gain the affections of an inexperienced girl; and my belief is, that you have been wilfully setting yourself out to win those of Miss Goring."

"I will not deny it; I have tried to win them. Because, dear Miss Halliwell," he added, advancing to me, and speaking with emotion, "because she first gained mine. I love Miss Goring, truly, fervently, with a love that will end but with my life. From the first day I saw her here, when poor Clara said she had found a new sister—you may remember it—she never ceased to haunt me; her face and its sweet expression, her manners, her gentle voice, were in my mind continually, and I knew they could only belong to a good, pure, and refined nature. It did not take long companionship, when we were thrown together, to perfect that love; and, that done, I did set myself out, as you observe, to win hers, in exchange. I trust I have succeeded."

If I had raced up to the top of the Monument (where I have never yet ventured,) the run could not more effectually have taken away my breath and my senses than this bold rhapsody as reason.

"And what, in the name of wonder, do you promise yourself by all this, sir?" I asked, when my amazement could find speech. "What end?"

"There is but one end that an avowed such as mine, could have in view, Miss Halliwell. The end, the hope, that Miss Goring will become my wife."

"Well, you will excuse me, Mr. Elliot," I said, after a long stare at him, "but I fear you must be crazed."

He burst out laughing.

"Why do you fear that?"

"There is no more probability of your marrying Mary Goring than there is of your marrying that chair, sir. So the best thing you can do, is to get her out of your head as speedily as you can."

He did not speak for some moments, and I saw the color mount to his brow.

"What is your objection to me, Miss Halliwell?"

"I suppose you are playing on my simplicity, sir, to ask what my objection is," I replied. "It is your family that the objection will come from, not mine. The son of the great Sir Thomas Elliot will never be suffered to wed simple Mary Goring."

"Miss Goring is of gentle blood," he remonstrated.

"I trust she is," I said, drawing myself up, "though we, the sisters of her mother, are obliged to keep a school for our living. But your friends will look at position, as well as gentle blood. May I ask, sir, if Sir Thomas and Lady Elliot know of this?"

"Not yet."

"As I thought, Mr. Elliot. Your romance with my niece must end this night."

"It will not, indeed, Miss Halliwell."

"Sir, it shall. And I must observe that you have acted a cruel part. A young lady's affections are not to be played with like a football. However, you have seen her for the last time."

"Allow me to see her once more," he rejoined.

"Not if I know it, sir."

"For an instant only, in your presence," he earnestly pleaded. "Surely that can do no harm, if we are to part."

Something came into my brain, just then, about George Archer—a vision of my last interview with him in Lord Seaford's park.

"Why should I deny these two a final adieu?" I asked myself. So I relented, and called Mary down—and was exceedingly soft for my pains.

She shrank to my side when she came in, but William Elliot drew her from me.

"I have been avowing to your aunt how matters stand," he said. "She would persuade me to relinquish you; she thinks such love as ours can be thrown off at will. So I requested your presence here, Mary, that we might assure her our engagement is of a different nature; that we are bound to each other by ties irrevocable in the spirit, as they hereafter shall be made in reality."

So that was all I got by calling Mary. She had paled, and blushed, and faltered, and now she began to cry and shake. Mr. William leaned over her with reassuring words of the deepest tenderness. I saw nothing but perplexity before them, and not one wink of sleep did I get that blessed night.

One day the renowned physician, Sir Thomas Elliot, was not himself. In lieu of the stately imperturbability which characterised the distinguished west-end practitioner, his manners betrayed a nervousness, an absence of mind, never before witnessed. To one lady patient, who consulted him for dyspepsia, he ordered cod-liver oil and port wine; to another, who was deep in consumption, he prescribed leeches, and to live upon barley-water. He had a large influx of patients that day, and an unusual number of calls to make from home. Not until a few minutes before the dinner-hour did he find his time his own.

He went straight to his wife's room, and sat down on a low ottoman which stood in its midst. Lady Elliot glanced round at him, somewhat surprised, for it was not often her liege knight favored her with his presence there in the day. She continued dressing without comment. Sir Thomas and Lady Elliot rarely wasted superfluous words, one upon the other.

"Can't you finish for yourself, and send her away?" cried Sir Thomas, indicating the attendant by a movement of the head.

More surprised still, but not curious (for Lady Elliot, young and handsome as she was yet, really gave one the idea of possessing no interest in what pertained to this present life—or in the one to follow it, for the matter of that,) she dismissed the maid, but did not withdraw herself or her eyes from the glass, as she continued her toilette.

"I did not think, Louisa, you could have been such a fool," was the complimentary opening of Sir Thomas Elliot, in a low tone of intense indignation.

Lady Elliot looked at him—as well she might—and a flush rose to her face. She passed, however, before she spoke, coldly, and resentfully.

"I proved myself that, years ago."

Sir Thomas knew well to what she alluded: to her own hasty and unsanctioned union with himself; and a peevish "tush" broke from his lips.

"You have proved yourself a greater one now, Louisa, and you must pardon my plainness in saying so. If you and I rushed into a headlong marriage, it ought to have been the more reason for your not leading William into one."

"William!" echoed Lady Elliot, in a startled voice. It was, perhaps, the only subject that could arouse her. She idolized her son.

"You have got into this habit of taking your own course, without consulting or referring to me; going here, going there—doing this, doing that," proceeded Sir Thomas. "When you went to Spa for an eternal number of weeks, had you informed me that it was your intention to have William and Miss Goring there also, and make them companions to each other, I should have put a stop to it. Any one but you might have seen the result."

"Result!" faltered Lady Elliot, with a sickening foreboding of what was coming.

"Of course," angrily repeated Sir Thomas. "When a young fellow, like William, is thrown for weeks into the society of a girl, lovely and fascinating as—as—the dame!"

Sir Thomas, at the moment, could not think of any more appropriate simile—"only one result can be looked for. And it has turned up in his case."

"You mean—"

"That he is over head and ears in love with her; and has been to me this morning to ask my sanction to the marriage. I wish you joy of your daughter-in-law, Lady Elliot."

Lady Elliot scarcely suppressed a scream. "It is impossible, it is impossible," she reiterated, in agitation. "I never thought of this."

"Then you must have lived at Spa with your eyes shut. But I can hardly believe you. To think that you and Eliza Graves could be moping and meandering all those weeks, and not see what was going on under your very noses! Women are the greatest—"

What, Sir Thomas did not say, for he dropped his voice before bringing the sentence to a conclusion.

"I thought William was at Spa an unaccountable time, and wrote him word so," he continued, "but I never imagined you had got that Miss Goring there."

"You must have known it," returned Lady Elliot.

"How should I?" I saw she was staying here the day or two before you went, but I thought—if I thought at all about it—that as a matter of course she returned home. I say you are always acting for yourself, Lady Elliot, without reference to my feelings—if I have got any, which perhaps you don't believe. When, the morning of the day fixed for your departure, I was summoned in haste out of town, you might have delayed it till the following day. Most wives would. But no, not you! I came back at night and found you gone. How was I to know that you took Miss Goring?"

"It is too preposterous ever really to come to anything," observed Lady Elliot, eager to find comfort in the opinion. "William, with his personal beauty, his talents, and his prospects, might marry into a Duke's family if he chose."

"Exactly. But he chooses to marry into that of a schoolmistress."

"He must not 'choose,'" persisted Lady Elliot, growing excited; "he must be brought to reason."

"Brought to what?" asked the knight.

"Reason."

"I don't know," was the significant reply. "Reason" did not avail in a similar case with you or with me. William may prove a chip of the old block."

"It never can be permitted," said Lady Elliot, vehemently. "Mary Mary Goring! It would be disgracing him for life. William would never be so ungrateful."

"Leaving your ladyship the agreeable reflection that you were the chief bringer about of the disgrace. Looking at the affair dispassionately, I do not see how it is to be prevented. William possesses money, independent of us. Enough to live upon."

"Enough to starve upon!" scornfully interrupted Lady Elliot.

"Twice, nearly thrice, as much as we enjoyed for many years of our early life," rejoined Sir Thomas, in a subdued voice. "And to themselves, who are just now spoony with fantastic visions, 'Love in a cottage' may wear the appearance of love in a paradise."

"Can nothing be done—can nothing stop it?" reiterated Lady Elliot.

"One thing may. I should have put it in

force this morning, but that I certainly thought you must have been a party to the scheme, after what William let out of the goings-on at Spa."

"And that thing!" she eagerly asked.

"To forbid it on pain of my curse. As I believe our parents very nearly did by us. I do not think William would brave it."

Lady Elliot pressed her hand over her eyes, as if she would shut out recollection of the years which had followed her rebellious marriage. The retrospect was one of dire anguish: far worse, in all probability, than had been the reality. Her husband turned to leave the room. She sprang after him, and drew him back.

"Oh, Thomas! anything but that. Never curse our boy, whatever betide. Think of the misery our disobedience entailed on us. Do not force him into it."

"Then you will let him marry the girl?"

"Yes. If the only alternative must be our fate over again for him."

"He comes to-night for the answer," continued Sir Thomas, standing with the door in his hand. "What is it to be? Consent? I leave the decision to you: for I will not, in this matter, subject myself to after-reproaches."

"Consent," she replied. But Lady Elliot wrung her hands in anger as she said it. She had anticipated so much more brilliant an alliance for her son.

So sunshine came into our dwelling, for William Elliot hastened down, and laid his proposals before us for Mary. I could not believe my own ears. He frankly stated that Sir Thomas and Lady Elliot were not cordially inclined to the match, for they had looked to his choosing rank and wealth; but they had not withheld their consent, and he was certain, Mary would soon win her way to their entire love. Perhaps this was as much as Mary could have hoped for, indeed more; for in point of worldly greatness William Elliot was above her. I suggested that they should not marry until the "entire love" of Sir Thomas Elliot and his wife had been obtained, but Mr. William laughed at me, and of course Mary thought with him. They were both in a maze of enchantment, and common sense was put out of the question.

For a few weeks our house was the pleasantest of the pleasant. Preparations were set on foot for the approaching union: Mary's things were bought, and Mr. William took a pretty abode in the Regent's Park. He did adopt my advice in one particular, and that was, to begin life in a small way: more in accordance with his own than his father's income. A good fortune must come to him at the demise of Sir Thomas and Lady Elliot, but they might live many years. So he agreed to set off in a very moderate style—for him—though I thought it a sufficiently sumptuous one. One man and two maid-servants—no carriage, only Mr. William's horse, which he said he could not give up. Ah! what delightful discussions we had on those warm evenings, not one of which did Mr. William ever fail to spend with us. He had discovered that dining in the middle of the day was good for his constitution, and never left well, he protested, without an early tea, which he could not get at home, so begged leave to join us. It was quite an every-day thing, now, for us to take it in the drawing-room. I don't know whether Mary saw through his depth, about his constitution and his early teas, but I did, and was pleased, and a merry party we used to make. Sometimes he would get me to give Mary a lesson in housekeeping, and set himself to listen with a serious face, while all the time those handsome eyes of his would be dancing with merriment. "About legs of mutton and apple-tart," he would say, which would send Frances Goring off in fits of laughter, almost as bad as poor Clara Elliot's. I would sometimes give them an opportunity of being alone together—for I remembered my own early days, and the rapture that was mine when I had a solitary moment with George Archer. I limited their interviews to three minutes: at the last tick of the third, in I would pop to the drawing-room again, which speed, I believe, rather exasperated Mr. William. One evening, as soon as tea was over, he asked me to let Mary go out walking with him, but I declined, and offered myself instead; and he never asked again. Not, I hope, that any one will suppose I thought ill of William Elliot. A more honorable young man never breathed; and I could have trusted Mary with him anywhere: but my dear mother brought me up to observe these punctilious manners, and I cannot get out of them. But they did not want for opportunities of being alone together. Mary was occasionally invited with Clara to spend the day at Lady Elliot's—who, I may mention, was growing less cool to her with every visit, more like she had used to be before she knew of her son's preference. The carriage would bring them home at night, escorted by Mr. William, and a nice time those two must have had of it, for Clara was sure to go to sleep the moment they got in, and never wake till they got out. Plenty of opportunity, then, for talking secrets; but it jarred against my old-fashioned notions, and I hinted as much to Mr. William. How he laughed! and I laughed, too, when he told me I was a good old dragon of a guardian. Then, changing to seriousness, he took my hand in his, and whispered me with that sweet, earnest expression on his face, that I could not protect Mary more faithfully than he would, for that she was dearer to him than ever she was to me.

An end came to it—alas! alas! as I think it mostly does come to all things that are joyous and bright in life. And then I asked myself how I could ever have been deluded into the

belief that the son of Sir Thomas and Lady Elliot would really espouse Mary Goring.

A telegraphic summons came early one morning to the popular physician, Sir Thomas Elliot. He was wanted, in all haste, at Middlebury, a town a few hours' journey from London by rail. Sir Thomas hastened to the Paddington station, caught the express-train, and was with his patient, a lady, in the afternoon. Her medical attendant was a Mr. Ashe: Dr. Ashe, he was often styled in Middlebury; and a Mr. Warburton had also been called in. When in conversation, the discourse of the medical men led to matters foreign to their patient—no very rare occurrence in medical consultations.

"I should like to know what her previous constitution has been," remarked Sir Thomas to Dr. Ashe, speaking in reference to the patient. "I presume you have been her usual medical attendant."

"No, I have not," replied Dr. Ashe; "this is the first time I have attended her. Dr. Goring used to be the family attendant. But she must have enjoyed pretty good health, for he has been dead—let me see—more than two years, and no one has been called in to her since."

Dr. Goring! Sir Thomas Elliot pricked up his ears, and a flash of intelligence darted into his mind. She, who was soon to be his son's wife, was a native of Middlebury, and the daughter of a medical man. This Dr. Goring, then, must have been her father. He would ask a few particulars.

"What sort of a man was Dr. Goring?" he suddenly said. "Respectable? Popular?"

"Very much so," was the reply of Dr. Ashe. "Until that nasty business occurred, about his wife," broke in Mr. Warburton. "He lost both respect and popularity then."

"What business was that?" inquired Sir Thomas.

"She was recovering from an illness—one of the newest little women you ever saw—in fact, all but well," observed Dr. Ashe. "I had seen her in the morning—for I attended her with all her children—and told her that the next day she might move into the drawing-room. That was about eleven o'clock. By five in the afternoon she was dead."

"What from?" inquired the physician.

"Poison, Sir Thomas."

"Poison!" echoed Sir Thomas Elliot then. "Strychnia. Not a common poison then."

"By whom administered?"

"There was the question," said Dr. Ashe. "It has never been cleared up, from that day to this. With some people, poor Goring got credit of it; but I believe the man to have been as innocent as I was."

Sir Thomas Elliot rose from his chair in a perturbed manner. His son about to marry the daughter of a man suspected of—! He sat down again.

"The case was published in the *Lancet*," resumed Dr. Ashe. "Of course without casting any conjectures as to the administrator."

"I remember now—I remember reading it," cried Sir Thomas. "But it never struck me that—What were the grounds for suspecting the husband?"

"In my opinion, I say, there were no grounds," repeated Dr. Ashe. "I never saw a more affectionate husband than Goring was; and he had nothing to gain by her death. Everything to lose."

"The insurance money," suggested Mr. Warburton.

"Nonsense! I know a few cast that in his teeth: very unjustly, if they had only considered the facts. Mrs. Goring had a clear income of £300 a year, an annuity, which died with her. Did not go to her husband or children, understand, Sir Thomas; absolutely died with her. She had insured her own life, some years before, for two thousand pounds—or three, I forget, now—for the benefit of her children. But what is two or three thousand pounds in comparison with three hundred a year? And Goring did not touch the money: he invested it for the children. He was a malicious man."

"Was he accused of the crime?" asked Sir Thomas.

"Oh no, no; nothing of that. At his wife's interment—I never saw such a crowd in the churchyard before—some voices hissed at him, 'Murderer!' 'Poisoner!' that was the extent. But if ever girl was genuine in this world, it was Goring's for the loss of his wife. They were on the wrong scent," muttered Dr. Ashe, in a lower tone.

"Dr. Goring, unfortunately, did not show out quite clear upon another point," interrupted Mr. Warburton. "There was a governess residing with them, a Miss Howard, and he was too attentive to her: but Goring was a free man at all times in his manners with women. Some said it was her fault; that she laid herself out to attract him; and, altogether, the affair had given pain and annoyance to Mrs. Goring. So Miss Howard received warning to leave, and the little Goring was to be sent to school. Before the change was made, Mrs. Goring was poisoned."

"Was this governess suspected?" inquired Sir Thomas Elliot.

"I don't know what other people may have done," interposed Dr. Ashe, warmly. "I had my opinion upon the point, and always shall have. But it does not do to speak out one's opinions too freely. There was no proof."

"Where was the strychnia procured?"

"From Goring's own surgery. At least, such was the conclusion drawn, for he kept some there. Though whether the bottle had been touched or not, he could not himself tell."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

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T. S. P. It is with Hydrogen Gas that balloons
are inflated. For the process of making it, con-
sult that very uncommon book, a treatise on Chem-
istry. If you live in a city where gas is used
for lighting the houses, you have a carburetted
hydrogen sufficiently light for the purpose, ready
to your hand. If you live in New York, an over-
plus of gas can be obtained at almost every corner.
If in Washington, at the Capitol when Congress is
in session. These two latter kinds of gas, it is
only fair to add, are not very pure, and are very
offensive in the nostrils of delicate people. A great
deal of balloon-flying, kiting, &c., however, is
done with both of them.

Respectfully declined.—"Youth;" "Pearls in
the Desert;" "The Music of the Soldier;" "The
Pine Trees."

CITY RAILROAD CONDUCTORS.

We would suggest to the Directors of our
City Railroads—called rather foolishly *Passenger*
railroads, as if it were somewhat unusual
for a railroad to carry passengers—that two
classes of men should be avoided in choosing
conductors.

First, that class which evidently owns not
only all the stock in the road, but the houses
on both sides of the street all the way around.
Men of such evident wealth and importance
should not be allowed to exclude more humble
and needy individuals from the chance of
making an honest living.

Secondly, the class of very affectionate men.
These should not be called away from their
families to serve society as railroad conductors.
We think highly of affection—it is, as our
friend Morris, of the *Inquirer*, might say, the
"balm of hurt minds," which solaces the
many cares of life—but there is a proper place
and time for everything. Men of such affec-
tionate dispositions that they really cannot
assist a young lady out of the cars, without
putting their arms around her waist, however
careful of their passengers' safety this conduct
may prove them to be, are not fit for railroad
conductors. Certain of this class already ap-
pointed, should be relieved from their duties,
and allowed to go home to their interesting
wives and families as speedily as possible.

We would suggest further, while we are
upon the subject, that there is not the least
necessity, except in the case of the sick or
otherwise infirm, for the conductors to help the
passengers in or out of the cars at all. The
cars are built so low, that even a lady can step
with the greatest ease out and in, if the con-
ductors will simply clear the platform first, and
themselves afterwards. The conductors, espe-
cially the affectionate ones, are no doubt great
"lady-killers" in their way—but then there
are a good many ladies who make use of the
cars, who do not care to have the fact officiously
 thrust upon them that there even are such
beings as conductors. The proverb says that
"a word to the wise is sufficient"—we show
our opinion of the wisdom of the class we are
addressing, by the number of words we have
used in this article.

THE BOLD SOLDIER BOYS.—The volunteer en-
campment, at Williamsport, in this State,
seems to have been a more successful affair
than it was supposed it would be. Seven hun-
dred tents, and two hundred marquees for the
officers, &c., with the rich uniforms of the sol-
diery, are said to have made a brilliant ap-
pearance. The number of visitors is put down at
from fifteen to twenty thousand—number of
soldiers, one thousand; being 15 to 20 points
of admiration to every soldier.

Among the pieces of artillery present was one
eighteen pounder, taken from the Mexicans at
the storming of Monterey, with the marks of
the strife still visible upon it. Gen. Packer,
Gen. Patterson, &c., &c., were present, and re-
viewed the troops upon what Mrs. Partington
calls "the tainted field."

THE STRIVING OF MODERN FASHIONABLE
education is to make the character impressive;
while the result of good education, though not
the aim, would be to make it expressive. There
is a tendency in modern education to cover the
fingers with rings, and at the same time to cut
the sinews at the wrist. The worst education,
which teaches self-denial, is better than the
best which teaches everything else, and not
that.—*Tales and Essays by John Sterling.*

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.
Much discussion has prevailed as to the
meaning to be attached to Napoleon's celebra-
ted speech at St. Helena, which is inscribed upon
the base of the statue recently erected at Cher-
bourg. "I have resolved to renew at Cherbourg the
marvels of Egypt." The hand of the statue has
been represented as ominously pointing towards
England, until recently changed by the orders of
Louis Napoleon—and the phrase "the marvels of
Egypt," has been construed to allude to a
contemplated invasion of Great Britain similar
to the sudden movement to the banks of the
Nile.

And yet the more simple solution is the
more probable one. The hand in question
really points down to the ground rather than
over the channel—and the idea in the Empe-
ror's mind probably was simply that the works
of Cherbourg should rival those marvels of
Egypt, the Pyramids.

Natural and probable as this view is, the
London Punch seems to take the inscription in
the light of a threat, for it thus throws back a
menace, in a recent issue:—

THE SPEECH OF THE STATUE.

ABOUT THE STIL.

On the broad quay at Cherbourg in bronze he
stands mounted.

Arm outstretched—finger pointed—not sea-
wards, they say;

Bareheaded, "mid bayonets and cannon un-
dared, they say;

There NERUVE does homage to UNCLE to-day.

Is it glorious exemplar, or terrible warning
Dead bronze Uncle to living bronze Nephew
supplies?

Stands he there, our Time's Lucifer, Son of the
Morning.

To deter by his fall, or inspire by his rise?

If bronze had a voice from those lips monumental
Who can tell us what Sibylline promptings
would fall?

If to realization of dreams Oriental.
Grasping empire to which ALEXANDER'S was
small?

Or to knock with armed hand, once again, at the
portal

Of Asia, Sphinx-guarded, and moated by Nile?
To call down the Pyramids' memories immortal
On a new Gallic conquest of Egypt to smile?

Or all Europe to pause? or that island to humble,
Where pigmy BRITANNIA, sea-throned, holds
her sway?

That island which saw the Colossus slow crumple
From forehead of iron to ankles of clay.

That island, whose ancient glories are written
At Cresey and Poitiers, in France's best blood:
That small, slow, untiring, untamed, bull-dog
Britain.

Whose four feet though you sever, his grip he'll
make good.

If that bronze breathe of Britain, 'tis words of
disillusion,
Not of prompting to strike, that those lips should
convey?

'Tis the tale of long-planned, ever-baffled invasion,
Of Aboukir, the Nile, and Trafalgar's red bay;
Of hearts that ne'er quailed at a bulletin's swell-
ing tone;

Of pluck by defeat which to conquest up grew;
Of chieftains from DUNRAUD advancing to WEL-
LINGTON;

For starting-point Walshe's ren,—for goal Water-
loo.

Yes, ponder the lesson, "Beware of Great Britain!"
Such tiny bronze Uncle's voice as he frowns
o'er the quay:

These words, all unseen, yet in adamant
written

On the statue at Cherbourg that turns from the
sea.

STEAM FIRE ENGINES.—The Philadelphia fire
company which recently organized the New
York firemen so much, by playing two streams
out of their steam-fire engine about as high as
the "crack" New York company did one, has
been invited to revisit that city, in order that
some compensation may be made for the in-
sults lavished upon them upon that provoking
occasion. This offer to make the *amende hono-
rable* is proof sufficient that New York has not
"lost all her breed of noble bloods."

In this connection, it is amusing to notice
what the Foreman of one of the New York en-
gines says, in a letter to the *Herald*:

We were rejoiced at our victory (?) and thankful
that they had furnished us an opportunity to
show them interested in the matter that hand
engines were now serviceable and available in ex-
tinguishing fires from steam engines.

Next we shall have some New York authority
sagely declaring that hand-power is more sa-
veable and available than steam for all pur-
poses. And this from the so-called "metropo-
lis of America!" Well, well, we suppose that
after all the cities are supplied with steam-fire
engines, the overgrown villages will begin to
perceive their "availability."

THAT "TELEGRAPHIC PLATEAU."—The scienti-
fic gentlemen who have been contending for
the honor of having first called attention to
that wonderful plateau at the bottom of the
ocean, seemingly created expressly for the
purpose of favoring the laying of an Atlantic Tele-
graph, will find more or less consolation in the
following:—

W. P. Trowbridge, assistant engineer in
the coast survey, argues, in his report to Prof.
Beche, that the existence of such a plateau is
not proved by any soundings yet made. The
conclusions of Mr. Trowbridge are sustained
by the experience of persons in charge of lay-
ing the cable. The quantity of cable paid out
for different distances varied in a manner to be
accounted for only by the great inequalities of
the bottom of the ocean, and quite irreconcil-
able with the idea of a grand level plain at the
bottom of the ocean.

Question.—Who first discovered the great
Telegraphic Plateau? Echo.—A flat, oh!

MAX MARRETER having returned from
over the water with a new singer for our
Gothamite brethren, naturally gives occasion
for the following comment.—Why is the
new prima donna more New Yorkish than the
New Yorkers themselves? Because they are
only gassy, while she is Gassier.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths
during the past week in this city was 229—
Adults 105, and children 124.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.
Mr. Landor, an author whose high reputa-
tion it is somewhat difficult to account for—
judging the man by his "works"—has been
madly singing to the winds at the ripe age of
eighty-four, his character as a respectable man
and decent citizen. Falling out with a lady,
the wife of a clergyman with whom he had
been for years an inmate of great intimacy, he
published the grossest libels upon her. Sued
for those libels, a friend interfered and had
the suit discontinued. Mr. Landor apologizing
for what he had said. But not long after, he
began the writing of anonymous epistles to the
lady, and the publication of epigrams aimed
at her, of a most filthy and disgusting descrip-
tion. Of course the suit for libel was renewed
—and damages to the amount of £1,000
awarded by the jury—his counsel making no
defence save that Mr. Landor belonged in fact
to a previous age, when greater license was al-
lowed the tongue and pen than the present more
refined period tolerates.

The only satisfactory excuse that could be
made for Mr. Landor—a failing mind—is
placed out of the question by the fact that
the epigrams are equal in point of talent
to anything he has written. He is there-
fore without excuse. The probability is that
he has led a very immoral life, which so long
as the outward proprieties were respected, the
world took no account of—but which has at
last shown its natural fruit in this total dis-
regard of all the decencies. We cannot conceiv-
e of a pure-minded man of between eighty and
ninety years of age, being thus suddenly given
up, as it were, to an evil demon. Much more
reasonable is it to believe that coarseness and
impurity have grown and strengthened through
long years with continual indulgence, until
like a flourishing vine the vile fruit hangs over
the wall—startling all who look upon the
record of such hoary sin, and startling the
owner to find that the world is so shocked at
what he has grown to regard a mere trifling
peccadillo.

MR. G. P. R. JAMES.

As we have announced a novel by this dis-
tinguished author, we may be allowed to call
the attention of our readers to the following
criticisms upon his works, from several of the
highest literary authorities, as we find them
quoted in the Biographical Sketch prepared by
Mr. Allibone for his forthcoming "Dictionary
of Authors." That able periodical, the *Dublin*
University Magazine, says of Mr. James:—

"His pen is prolific enough to keep the im-
agination constantly nourished; and of him,
more than of any modern writer, it may be
said, that he has improved his style by the
mere dint of constant and abundant practice.
For, although so agreeable a novelist, it must
not be forgotten that he stands infinitely higher
as an historian. * * * The most fantastic and
beautiful conversations which the skies can ex-
hibit to the eyes of mankind dart as if in play
from the huge volumes that roll out from the
crater of the volcano. * * * The recreation of
an enlarged intellect is ever more valuable than
the highest efforts of a confined one. Hence
we find in the works before us, [Corse de Leon,
the Ancient Regime, and The Jaquerie,] light-
ly as they have been thrown off, the traces of
study—the footsteps of a powerful and rig-
orous understanding."

The *Edinburgh Review* concludes some com-
ments upon Mr. James with the remark,

"Our readers will perceive from these gen-
eral observations that we estimate Mr. James's
abilities, as a romance-writer, highly; his
works are lively and interesting, and animated
by a spirit of sound and healthy morality in
feeling, and of natural delineation in charac-
ter, which, we think, will secure for them a
popularity which will last beyond the present
day."

Mr. Allan Cunningham, in his "Biographi-
cal and Critical History of the Literature of the
Last Fifty Years," says of Mr. James:—

"He belongs to the historical school of fic-
tion, and, like the masters of the art, takes up
a real person or a real event, and, pursuing the
course of history, makes out the intentions of
nature by adding circumstances and heighten-
ing character, till, like a statue in the hands
of the sculptor, the whole is in fair proportion,
truth of sentiment, and character. For this
he has high qualities—an excellent taste, ex-
tensive knowledge of history, a right feeling of
the chivalrous, and a heroic and ready eye for
the picturesque; his properties are admirable;
his sympathy with whatever is high-souled and
noble is deep and impressive. His best works
are *Richelieu* and *Mary of Burgundy*."

While Sir Archibald Alison, in his celebra-
ted "History of Europe," while admitting the
force of certain critical objections urged against
Mr. James, says:—

"There is a constant appeal in his brilliant
pages not only to the pure and generous, but
to the elevated and noble sentiments; he is
imbued with the very soul of chivalry; and
all his stories turn on the final triumph of
those who are influenced by such feelings over
such as are swayed by selfish or base desires.
He possesses great pictorial powers, and a re-
markable facility of turning his graphic pen at
will to the delineation of the most distant and
opposite scenes, manners, and social customs.
* * * Not a word or a thought which can give
pain to the purest heart ever escapes from his
pen; and the mind wanders with the ease and
gratified at the selfishness of the world reverts
with pleasure to his varied compositions,
which carry it back, as it were, to former days,
and portray, perhaps in too brilliant colors, the
ideas and manners of the olden time."

A large proportion of our subscribers no
doubt are well acquainted with Mr. James's
writings—but as others may not be, we think
well to quote the above criticisms, as a proof
that we have promised no mean entertainment
to our readers.

NATIONAL HORSE EXHIBITION.—We are request-
ed to call the attention of our readers—espe-
cially those in the North West—to the NA-
TIONAL EXHIBITION OF BLOODED AND OTHER HORSES,
to be held at Kalamazoo, Michigan, on the 12th,
13th, and 14th of October. A large number of
premiums are announced—varying from \$10 to
\$150. Those who intend making entries for
exhibition, should notify the secretary, Geo.
F. Kidder, on or before October 1st—though
entries may be made up to the 11th, when the
books must be completed for the judges. No
spirited liquors are to be allowed on the
ground. Hon. Charles E. Stuart is President
of the Exhibition.

We suppose that Mr. Walter Savage
Landor may now be properly called, using the
dialect of our London friends,

"The old man holoquent."

PHILADELPHIA AND CHICAGO.—When the
44 miles, now being constructed, of the Phila-
delphia, Fort Wayne and Chicago railroad, shall
have united Philadelphia and Chicago by a
direct and unbroken route, under one manage-
ment, it is proposed to make a deep notch in the
calendar by a grand celebration. On this route
of eight hundred miles, there will be only a
single change of cars. The time between the
two cities will be thirty-six hours. It will be
the shortest route by 60 miles from the great
City of the Northwest to the Northern seaboard
cities—and will open a connection by the lakes
and the St. Paul and Fond du Lac road with the
Upper Mississippi and the Lake Superior
regions. Fitting it is that the completion of
such an important link of trade and travel
should be commemorated with appropriate festi-
vities. The name of Philadelphia, from that day,
will begin to be a word of power in the
Northwest. Some are born great, some achieve
greatness, and upon some greatness is thrust
by the force of circumstances—Philadelphia
modestly enrols herself among the last named
class.

THE SAVANS OF LONDON.—In a recent speech,
Capt. Hudson, of the Niagara, made the follow-
ing statement:

"We talk a good deal of science. Science is to
be honored. I honor it. It adds to the happi-
ness of mankind, and to the improvement of
the age in which we live. Science is well
worthy our homage and praise. But we must
not stop here. Look at what has been done by
the scientific world in London. At the last
yearly meeting of the savans of London the gold
medal was given for the best paper that had
been read. And what do you think were the
contents of that paper? IT WAS THE UTTER IM-
POSSIBILITY AND IMPRACTICABILITY OF EVER LAYING
THAT TELEGRAPHIC WIRE."

Scientific theorists have demonstrated the
impossibility of many things that were after-
wards done—but other men, more scientific,
inasmuch as they were more practical, have
shown the practicability by the performance.
These things put us in mind of the scripture
phrase, "Oppositions of science, falsely so
called."

THE GRAVE OF FRANKLIN.—We believe that
The Post was the first to suggest, several years
ago, the simple expedient of replacing the close
brick wall which hides Franklin's grave from
the street, with an iron railing;—and we are
now pleased to learn that the vestry of Christ
church have resolved to make the change in
question. Now that the owners of the grave
yard have concluded to move in the matter,
we would suggest that they should go a little
further, if the position of the grave will at
all admit of it. We mean, to separate Frank-
lin's grave from the rest of the yard by an iron
railing, and have a gate placed in the outside
railing, so that those who choose can enter,
and read the simple inscription on the flat
stone. If there is any danger of the tomb's
being defaced, a protecting lattice of iron could
easily be constructed around and above it.
"What is worth doing at all, is worth doing
well."

FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE.—We call the
attention of our readers to the announcement, in
our advertising columns, of the commencement
of a new course of lectures at the Female Medi-
cal College in this city. The Anatomical
museum connected with the college is now
open and free to visitors.

THE SIAMSE TWINS.—What a pity that the
name of Newfoundland, now that the cable is
laid, cannot be changed to Chang-land. Then
we should have Chang and Eng-land.

BIBLE PANORAMA.—Mr. J. Innes Williams'
Bible PANORAMA is now open at National Hall,
Market street, every evening—the exhibition
commencing at eight o'clock.

New Publications.

BUCKLE'S HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN ENGLAND.
(D. Appleton & Co., New York.) is a work,
now in its first volume, which has made a great
sensation among the reading public of Great
Britain, and which all the leading British re-
views, with one exception—the *London Quar-
terly*—unite in proclaiming remarkable for origi-
nality, prodigious learning, breadth and
compression of statement, and catholicity and
comprehensiveness of view, though nearly all
of them are decidedly adverse to its basic prin-
ciples and many of its conclusions. It is the
first attempt that has been made to place history
on the basis of science. The author's
general view is that external nature affects the
mind of man, and the mind of man external na-
ture, each modifying the other. From this
mutual modification result events—which are
the staple of history. Therefore, to explain
events, and know which contributes most
largely to their production—man's mind or
the forces of nature—you must understand
physical and metaphysical science. Nature's
power being limited and stationary, while
man's power is unlimited and progressive; it
follows that the history of civilization in any
country is, fundamentally, the history of man's
struggle with the forces of nature which affect
him injuriously; and consequently the pro-
gress of civilization is in proportion to man's
conquest over these forces. These principles,
which we have stated very crudely and
inadequately, Mr. Buckle is to apply to the
History of England, which country he selects
as the one most favorable to their exemplifica-
tion. Mr. Buckle is understood to be a man of
fortune, thirty years of age, who has suffered
much from ill-health. Up to the age of eighteen
it is said, he received scarcely any education, but
since then, although he has never entered any
college, he has become the master of the most
extensive acquirements in every department of
science and literature, as his book abundantly
shows. He now lives with his mother in Lon-
don, surrounded by myriads of books, to which
he gives his nights and days, patiently build-
ing up his stupendous work, which must ex-
tend through many volumes. That it is a
work which most persons will profit by per-
using, seems to be the opinion even of those
who are most strongly hostile to its views and
principles.

THE BAPTIST SYSTEM EXAMINED. BY REV. J.
A. SEISS, A. M. T. N. Kurtz, Baltimore.

THE AGE; A COLLOQUIAL SATIRE, BY PHILIP BAILEY. (Ticknor & Fields, Boston.) is, as every one must think, unworthy the author of "The Age." That poem so remarkable for its wit, its power, and its sublimity, and the author of many of its thoughts and images. The terrible and pithy lines alone relieve the stilted, fustian, and dreary monotony of this heavy satire. Only here and there, at long intervals, the dull Lethe is lit with a sparkle of poetry. The best things in the volume are the brief pieces at the end. The bit called "A Fragment" is full of dark imagination and weird imagery. Best of all is this—solemn, tender, and surcharged with the spirit of prayer:

THE PASSING BELL.

Hark! 'tis the passing bell:
While the soul is on its way,
While it waves its upward wings,
We yet may pray.
Pray for the good man's soul;
He is leaving earth for heaven;
And it soothes us to feel that the best
May be forgiven.
Pray for the sinful soul;
It fleeth we know not where;
But wherever it be, let us hope,
For God is there.
Pray for the rich man's soul;
Not all are unjust, nor vain;
The wise he consoled; and he saved
The poor from pain.
Pray for the poor man's soul;
The death of this life of ours,
He hath shook from his feet; he is one
Of the heavenly powers.
Pray for the old man's soul;
He had labored long; through life
It was battle, or march; he hath ceased,
Serene, from strife.
Pray for the infant's soul;
With his spirit's crown unsold,
He hath won, without war, a realm;
Gained all, nor toiled.
Pray for the struggling soul;
The mists of the straits of death
Clear off; in some star-bright isle
It anchoreth.
Pray for the soul assured;
Though it wrought in a gloomy mine,
Yet the gems it earned were its own,
That soul divine.
Pray for the simple soul;
For it loved, and therein was wise,
Though itself knew not; but with Heaven
Confused the skies.
Pray for the sage's soul;
'Neath his welkin wide of mind,
Lay the central thought of God,
Though undefined.
Pray for the high, the mean;
Souls are of equal birth;
Let the thought be the joy of the world,
And end of earth.
Pray for the souls of all,
To God, and His holy Son,
That, filled with the Spirit Divine,
All may be one.
Hush! for the bell hath ceased;
And the spirit's fate is sealed;
To the angels known; to man
Left unrevealed.

COURTSHIP AND MATHIMONY, WITH OTHER SKETCHES FROM SCENES AND EXPERIENCES IN SOCIAL LIFE, BY ROBERT MORRIS. (T. B. Peterson, Philada.) is a volume of essays which our old citizens will read with pleasure, and our young citizens may read with profit. If our old citizens will take their respected fellow-townsmen, Mr. John Grigg, as their representative, we have their opinion prospectively, in his, when he declares that "no book published in this country, with the exception of the Bible, deserves a more general circulation into every family in the country than this." The author everybody knows as the amiable editor of the *Pennsylvania Inquirer*; a paper, as everybody also knows, of much local repute among us. To many a household to which this paper has come regularly for many years, like some kind and staid old friend of the family, welcome always for his various and cheery talk of the world within us and without us, his old-fashioned virtues, and his plain good sense, will come also this book, like the same old friend in a different coat, not much changed for that, and not the less welcome. The duties and realities of life, its trials, its temptations, its anxieties, its occupations, its hopes, its joys, its compensations, its aims and ends, and all the incidents and lessons of its experience, are now the gamut over which the discourse of our old friend runs. Plain and pleasant is his speech, equal and temperate, with only now and then an honorable flush in it, like the honest reddening of the brow, when mischief-makers and scandal-mongers—the petty jagoes of private life, who are "nothing if not critical"—pass in review, and become the themes of notice. His speech has in it, too, something of that practical homely wisdom which makes poor Richard famous; with sober graces of diction befitting one who has "fed on the dainties that are bred in a book," who knows the contents of many books, and is withal "in wit a man, simplicity a child." Anecdotes, reminiscence, illustration, poetic fancies, and apt words from the poets, diversify and illumine the current of his counsel, to which we hope many will listen, and profit thereby. It only remains to say, dropping metaphor, that the book is printed in excellent style, and embellished with a remarkably fine portrait of the author, very like him.

THE STORY OF THE TELEGRAPH, BY CHARLES F. BRIDGES AND AUGUSTUS MAYERKE. (Rudd & Carlton, New York.) puts in convenient form, a full account of the birth and progress of telegraphy, together with a history of the construction and laying of the great Atlantic cable. Atlantic cables and the public generally will find this good reading. It is an odd fact which we notice on page 153, that when the splice was made in the cable on the morning of June 26th, "a bent sixpence was put in it for luck." Curious that this quaint old superstition should have presided, like some folk-imp of the Dark Ages, escaped from a shelved bottle in the study of Cornelius Agrippa, over the latest and greatest achievement of our skeptical and audacious modern science!

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW. August. Leonard Scott & Co., New York: W. B. Zieher, Philada.

SHAMBAIN IN PURSUIT OF FREEDOM; OR, THE BRAVING HAND. Thacher & Hutchinson, New York.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

PARIS AMONG ITSELF—A SPECTACLE—A YOUTHFUL DEBUT—OLD CUSTOMS—CRIMINALS IN TROUBLE—A STRANGE STORY.

Paris, August 19, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The celebration of the "national fête" of the 15th of August has been more splendid than on any previous occasion. No one in France keeps the day of his birth, as is the custom of the Anglo-Saxon races, but the day set apart in honor of the saint or saintess, whose name he, or she, happens to bear. Thus all the Peters, Martins, Charles, Georges, Henrys, &c., receive the compliments and visits of their well-wishers on the day devoted to the calendar to their patron saint; all Maries expect presents, visits, pots of flowers, and other fête-day attentions on the day set apart to the virgin; all who are called Anne look for the same on St. Anne's day, and so on; the calendar containing a saint and saint's day for all names usually borne by Catholics. Thus the 15th of August being the festival-day of St. Napoleon, as well as the festival of the Assumption, is the fête-day of all who bear the name of Napoleon; and is now regarded as the National Festival, because that of the present chief of the State. As such it has been duly celebrated all over the country; the fête of Paris, as usual, taking precedence of those of the rest of the country in point of splendor.

At six o'clock, A. M., the cannon of the Invalides thundered forth to the metropolis the invitation to come forth and admire the works of a paternal government and its "undertakers of festivals," in the shape of the decorations put up in the squares of the la Concorde, la Barrière du Trône, des Invalides, and the Champ de Mars, together with the Bridges and the Champs Elysees. The style adopted this year was the Chinese; the Place de la Concorde being completely surrounded by a ring of pagodas, alternating with triumphal arches, which, though it would probably have been as novel in China as here, was none the less productive of a most charming effect. The same sort of ornamentation—made up of painted boards and poles, but so gracefully done up with garlands, banners, lamps, and *orniframes* that you forgot all about boards and poles in looking at it—was continued up the Champs Elysees, where the Rond-point was encircled by similar pagodas, composed of colored lamps, which imitated the effect of a mosaic-work composed of jewels, the effect of which can only be rendered by the vague expressions of "magical," and "fairly-like," for it seemed to take the spectator out of this working-day world of brick and mortar and transport him bodily into the enchanted land of dreams and goli. But I am anticipating; this singular and most beautiful effect being the result of the evening's illumination; and the doings of the day must be chronicled first.

Besides the colossal "decorations" of the squares and Champs Elysees, which constitute so striking a feature in Paris festivities, all the theatres and operas were opened gratis at one o'clock; and such is the eagerness of the lower classes here to avail themselves of this sort of privilege, that people often stand at the doors from four or five o'clock in the morning, in order to ensure a good choice of seats. In some cases parties have actually passed the preceding night at, or near, the door of the theatre! In the Place des Invalides two enormous booths were erected, and grand pantomime shows representing "the discovery of the New World by Columbus," and "scenes in the conquest of Algeria" were performed by bands of soldiers assisted by regular theatrical performers. At the Rond-point of the Champs Elysees a mammoth concert took place in the open air at two o'clock; 300 instruments, and 250 singers, the latter furnished by the Free Singing Schools of that ardent apostle of the vocal art, Dr. Emile Chevre, of whose system and success I may have something to say on a future occasion—concurrent to render this concert one of the most brilliant features of the day.

A Te Deum was performed at Notre Dame and all the churches; the various Public and Learned Bodies attending the metropolitan temple in all the glory of their particular costumes. Large distributions of bread, meat, clothing, and money, were made at the various "bureaus of beneficence," and by members of the Imperial family, and the Officers of State. Greased poles, surmounted with prizes for successful climbers, races in sacks, regattas on the Seine, and running matches; a quantity of little balloons in the form of animals and birds, and a monster-balloon of ordinary shape; were among the amusements provided by the Government. In addition to these, booths for every species of game, dancing, and concerts; swings of every kind; and countless displays of cheap cakes, fruit, coco, lemonade, &c., were to be seen in every direction, along the quays, in the Champ de Mars, and in the more retired quarters of the Champs Elysees.

In the evening the "decorations," the public buildings, and a large proportion of the private houses, were brilliantly illuminated, and the principal thoroughfares were a mass of strollers, dressed in their best, perfectly polite, and enjoying themselves, apparently, to the utmost limit of their capacities. At nine o'clock, the boom of cannon gave the signal for the letting off of the two grand pyrotechnic displays, placed at the extreme east and west of the city. The latter on the high ground of the Trocadere, visible to half of Paris, and for a dozen miles out of town, was one of the most magnificent spectacles of the kind ever seen. The transformations of the base of the fireworks were only, as usual, to be seen by the few who happened to be nearest to the framework, the density of the smoke shrouding the lower part of the piece in an impenetrable cloud; but the gigantic eagle which occupied the centre of the piece—with a crown on its head, arrows in its claws, and its outstretched

wings shadowing the great globe of fire on which it stood—and the superb sheaves, rockets, "fiery rain," and other wondrous inventions of pyrotechnic art that rush up into the welkin and seem to toss their fiery globes, and dew, and flowers among the stars, were visible for an immense distance. Three of the great "sheaves" in question, two that bloomed up from the ends of the enormous piece, and the last bursting out of the fiery eagle in the centre, opening above our heads, and slowly falling in clusters of starry flowers, red, blue, purple, green, and silver, mixed with long streams of golden foliage, formed a spectacle at once so beautiful, weird, and sublime that the most cynical spectators could not wonder at the cry of admiration that went up from the crowds below.

These superb fireworks were the conclusion of the day's "spectacles." They blazed away for about twenty minutes; and when they had burned out, and the vast clouds of golden, silvery, rosy, and purple smoke they left behind them had rolled off into upper space, the dense crowds of human beings congregated to watch them, began to move homewards. Not the least curious concomitant of such a festival is the all-pervading "roar," like the sound of "many waters," caused by the feet and voices of a whole population slowly defiling homeward through every street and alley, and filling the air, for a couple of hours, with a continuous noise like that of the sea at a distance; a subdued, incessant roar, which, heard from a quiet room, is almost more suggestive of the terrible power of the human aggregate, yelped "the crowd," than is the sight of the moving mass itself.

Happily the weather was superb; and no accidents marred the enjoyment of the day by those for whose special beatification the fête was got up. A grand review, by Gen. Magnan, in the Champ de Mars, formed part of the programme; but took place on the previous day, in order to avoid the marching of the troops through the crowd on the day of the fête.

The arrangements of the police are always excellent here on such occasions. No vehicle is allowed to approach the most attractive points of the display; policemen and *sergents de ville* are stationed at short intervals, and are ready to interfere at a moment's notice whenever the crowd threatens to become a crush. The French, too, are so perfectly at home when in a state of conglomeration, that they never get into nervous panics, but hold their way comfortably and pleasantly, circulating through the scene of festivity, appreciating, admiring, or criticising, with imperturbable good humor and politeness. No pushing, no drunkenness, marred the popular behaviour; as the hour grew late, a few drunken men might be heard singing on their way back from the *barrières*; but the fête, on the whole, was remarkably free from the ugly feature of rudeness and inelegance.

The Emperor, in honor of the day, granted 1,241 pardons for crimes and misdemeanors; besides 506 remissions of punishment to soldiers, and a diminution of punishment to 348 other soldiers.

Nor was the little Prince left out of sight on the occasion. His Imperial Highness, of somewhere about two feet, now staying at St. Cloud, in the absence of his papa and mamma, under the wing of a bevy of governesses, and an army of soldiers, received, in the morning, the visit of the officers of the Imperial Guard garrisoned at St. Cloud, and gave, at noon, a *dejeuner* to the children of the First Regiment of Grenadiers, among whom his little Prince-ship was enrolled the day of his birth. The little fellow, seated in a high chair, with napkin duly fastened under his chin, presided on the occasion, and comported himself with the curious gravity of manner for which he is already famous. One of the little guests read some verses in his Highness's honor, and presented him with a bouquet. The little fellow already receives the salutes of those about him, and raises his tiny hand to his head, in the approved manner of Imperial and Royal personages when returning the salutations of inferior beings, with a sober collectedness and self-possession not a little amusing. He seems already to feel himself "porphyry gladius;" and will evidently be fully "up" to the "properties" of the throne, should it ever be his lot to occupy that coveted species of sitting-apparatus.

As to the Emperor and Empress, if we are to believe one half of what the journals tell us, their progress "through the antique Armoria" is a triumph of the first water. Wherever they go, they find triumphal arches, *mairies*, prefects, and bishops, presenting keys, and vying with each other in speeches and declarations to the Emperor; young ladies in white muslin bestowing bouquets and effusions of fulsome admiration and "devotion" on the Empress; dinners and breakfasts offered by municipalities, pardons of "deserving" criminals resolved to be have themselves better for the future, and bestowments of alms on a scale of the most lavish generosity, besides orders for building churches, hospitals, &c., to be defrayed mainly out of his Majesty's privy purse. The Imperial travellers having expressed their wish to see as much as possible of the ancient dresses, habits, and customs of Brittany—which still flourish in many districts almost as unchanged by modern innovation as they were 300 years ago—all manner of spectacles illustrative of the antiquities of the country have been gotten up for their benefit. At one place they had a ball, in which the dresses and dances of the 15th Century figured in all their purity to the music of the bag-pipe and the *bignou*; in another, a cavalcade of 1,000 cavaliers, each with his lady behind him, all arrayed and marshalled in the mode of ancient times, defied before their Majesties; and so on.

At Grand-Champ, where an arch of the heather, broom, and gorse of the region spanned the road, presenting a really beautiful effect, the imperial pair went out of their track to visit an estate lately purchased by Princess Baciocchi, a relative of the Emperor. Here they were regaled with a luxurious lunch, after which they visited the beautiful grounds of the estate, and admired its picturesque views. In the course of this ramble they visited an immense arming, under which the Princess had assembled six thousand of the country-people, all impatient for a sight of their Majesties, and for whom the Princess had provided a

Homeric repast to which full justice appears to have been done by the army of guests.

Whatever may be the "loyal zeal" of the Norman and Breton people towards the present Emperor, it is certain that the average mental states of the two provinces are not much to boast of. In this particular, however, they do but share the ordinary characteristics of the peasantry of France, a large part of whom cannot read, while those who can—judging from the quality of literature most in vogue with them—would seem to be but little better for the accomplishment. Indeed, so much scandal has been caused by the impunity with which the book-peddlers are allowed to sell the most mischievous trash, notwithstanding the license which they are obliged to obtain of the government for their wares, that the clergy themselves are beginning to take up the subject, and to denounce the extraordinary folly and absurdity of certain pamphlets and little books which, under the guise of piety, spread superstitious ideas among the ignorant peasantry. The Bishop of Strasburg has taken the lead in this denunciation; and the following recipe, from a small publication entitled the "Medicine-book of the Poor" show that the outcry is not made without cause:

"In order to cure boils," says the book in question, "address your prayers to the patron saint of the place where the sick man lives, at the altar of the saint; take a handful of ivy-leaves, gathered as close as possible to the ground, a piece of soap that has not been used, and beat up the whole into a paste with fresh cream; apply it to the sore, repeating the prayers for the sick, and you will be speedily cured."

"To cure colic. Place the middle finger of the right hand on the abdomen of the patient, and repeat these words: 'Mary, who art Mary, or the Colic Passion, who art between my liver and my heart, between my spleen and my lungs, stop this sickness, in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.' Then recite three *Paters* and three *Aves*, name the name of the sick person, and say 'God has cured them! Amen!'"

And this deplorable ignorance co-exists with steam, railways, and the trans-atlantic telegraph!

Crinolines have been getting themselves and their owners into some very awkward scrapes of late. A lady of Hanover has just been fined the sum of two francs for having, says the verdict, "filled the pavement in front of her house, and thus interrupted the circulation of the city." At Avesnes, on the German frontier, the people have just been holding their annual *kermesse*, a sort of night-fete, similar to a fair. The people were dancing away, by torch-light, in a wood on the outskirts of the village, when one of the dancers, conspicuous for her voluminous circumference, suddenly uttered a frightful scream, and turning deadly pale, would have fallen, but for the aid of the people about her. Mustering her strength, the unlucky dame, seizing the arm of her niece, who happened to be dancing close by, and had rushed to her aunt's side on hearing the piercing shrieks of the latter, dragged her away into the shadow of the trees, and entreated her in a voice of agony and terror, "to see, for the love of the Virgin, what had got hold of her leg!" The niece, a brave peasant girl, thereupon knelt down on the ground, and discovered, under the enormous crinoline worn by her fainting relative, a terrified owl, that, disturbed by the glare and music of the *kermesse*, had apparently looked about for a place of retreat from the unaccustomed racket, had crept under the poor woman's outreaching crinoline, and climbed up her leg, digging his sharp claws into the limb of which he had so unfortunately made his perch. The luckless owl, when dragged forth by the niece, seemed almost as much terrified as his victim; and the explanation of the poor woman's very natural terror when she had felt the unknown invader clambering up her leg, becoming known to the rest of the assembly, the peals of laughter which this intelligence excited may be imagined. As to the wearer of the crinoline, she was fain to make her exit from the scene of the festivity as fast as her feet could carry her.

It is understood that a reaction against the fashion which so sturdily maintains its grounds against all opposition, has really been begun by a portion of the fashionable world; but this protest, if really made, has not, as yet, taken any effect on the majority of the feminine world. Mr. Home, the famous "medium," who has lately married a Russian lady of large fortune, is in as much favor as ever with the Emperor. The following story, which I have from a gentleman of the Imperial household who was present on the occasion, will show at least what bystanders think they see in the company of his paradoxical personage: "When the Court was last at Biarritz," says the Count de—, "the Emperor and Empress used frequently to sit in a tent, overlooking the sea, to which, with the persons of their suite, they resorted for the sake of enjoying the coolness of the position. One afternoon, when Mr. Home was present, the Empress remarked to him, that it was sometime since he had given them any proof of his power, and asked him to 'show them something.' 'Willingly, if your Majesty desires it,' replied Mr. Home.

"There was in the tent," continued the Count, "a small table, covered with an embroidered cloth. On the table was a *bureau* (sheet of blotting-paper bound like a book) writing-paper, an inkstand, and a little bell. Every one in the tent was silent, intently watching Mr. Home, who sat quietly on his chair, apparently lost in thought. Suddenly, without a sound, we saw a little shrivelled hand, yellow, dry, looking something like parchment, or wax, rising from the floor of the tent, by the table, and moving upwards towards the table-cover, as though climbing up by its aid. The little hand crept slowly up to the top of the table, and then crept slowly down again to the floor. A few moments afterwards, it crept up again, hovered over the table, took the bell, rung it, laid it down, and sank down again to the floor. Again rising to the top of the table, the little withered semblance of a hand moved to the *bureau*, took a pen from the inkstand, and wrote upon a sheet of paper lying on the table. It then slowly descended to the floor, and vanished. The curiosity of all present was in-

tense; the Empress, and after her, nearly all of us, tried to decipher the writing—a single word—but in vain. No one could read it. The paper was handed to the Emperor, who turned pale as he looked at it, and exclaimed 'Hor-tense!' We saw then that that was the word written, though we had failed to make it out. The Emperor folded the paper up, and put it into his pocket, with an expression of countenance that indicated his wish that nothing more should be said on the subject. Now this I saw," says the Count, "every bit of it from beginning to end; but as for the explanation of it, I humbly confess my inability to offer any."

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Asia brings advices to the 25th ult. The prospectus of the India and Australasia Telegraph Company, with a capital of £500,000, has been issued. The proposal is to continue the Red Sea line from Seylon to Singapore, and eventually to carry further sections to Hong Kong and Australia. Application is to be made to the government for a guarantee.

The British Board of Trade for July show a decrease in the exports of £1,300,000, as compared with July of last year. In the imports an increase had taken place, particularly in Broadstuffs, the arrivals of which were very large.

The entire stud of Lord Derby's racers is to be sold, and he retires from the turf. An important law case had been tried at Liverpool. An action was brought against the directors of the suspended Borough Bank, to recover damages for the loss sustained in purchasing shares, upon the strength of a fallacious report, issued by the Bank. A verdict was given for the plaintiff, but a stay of execution was granted.

The first detachment of sappers and miners, only twenty strong, was to leave England for Vancouver's Island, on the 1st of September. One hundred and thirty others were soon to follow.

The Daily News calls upon the European powers to watch closely American designs upon Kinsarua, under the conviction that the policy of the American Government is to acquire possession of the Isthmus.

The Emperor is about to send Victoria a canon, constructed upon his own principle, and named "Alliance" in return for that presented to him by Her Majesty.

Count Persigny made a speech at the opening of the Council General of the Loire, illustrative and defensive of the alliance with England. The speech had attracted considerable attention.

A Paris correspondent of the London Times understands that the Turkish Government has complained to the English Ambassador at Constantinople of the bombardment of Jeddah, at the moment when it was known that Ismail Pasha was on the way thither with full power to punish the guilty.

The Divan had issued a circular contradicting the rumor of the approaching destruction of Mecca by the Western Powers, which was occasioning great excitement.

It was reported that further riots had occurred in Canada, and that the Christians had been killed.

SPAIN.—A Madrid telegram of the 25th says a military expedition is being prepared for Havana.

AUSTRIA.—The new born imperial Prince has been christened "Rodolph Francis Charles Joseph," by the imperial decree, the prince's mother and colonel of the 19th regiment of infantry.

The report that a reconciliation had taken place between Austria and Russia, is formally denied.

CHINA.—It was stated that the amount of indemnity to be paid by China to England and France, as stipulated in the treaty of Tientsin, is 30,000,000 francs.

Lord Elgin had received from the Imperial Commissioner a written promise of a concession of his demands. The American and Russian treaties had been concluded, and the Americans were believed to have stipulated for an annual visit to Peking. The Commissioner at Canton was urging the people to war, and ignored entirely the negotiations in the north.

MARKETS.—In Cotton, all qualities of American were 4d higher on the week, but at the close there was less buoyancy.

STATE OF TRADE IN MANCHESTER.—The Manchester trade was in a favorable condition, and prices were slightly better.

BREADSTUFFS.—Flour firm, with a better demand than has been experienced for some time past. Wheat quiet but firm for good quality. Corn dull and firmer, and quotations continued. Beef heavy, at a decline of 2s 6d@5s. Pork quiet. Bacon steady. Lard quiet but firm. Tallow firmer.

An Englishman had hired a smart travelling servant, and, arriving at an inn one evening, knowing well the stringency of police regulations in Austria, where he was, called for the usual register of travellers that he might duly describe himself therein. His servant replied that he had anticipated his wishes, and had registered him in full form—"English gentleman of independent property." "But how have you put down my name? I have not told it to you." "I can't exactly pronounce it, sir, but I copied it faithfully from your portmanteau." "But it is not there; bring me the book." What was his amazement at finding, instead of a very plain English name of two syllables, the following portentous entry of himself—Monsieur Warranted-soldier!

My morning haunts are where they should be, at home; at home not sleeping, or concocting the surfeits of an irregular feast, but up and stirring; in winter, often ere the sound of any bell awake men to labor, or to devotion; in summer, as oft with the bird that first rises, or not much tardier, to read good authors, or cause them to be read, till the attention be weary, or memory have its full freight; then with useful and generous labors preserving the body's health and hardiness, to render lightness, clear, and not lumbish obedience of the mind, to the cause of religion and our country's liberty.—*Milton*.

To say the truth, no part of knowledge seems to be in fewer hands, than that of discerning when to have done!—*Dean Swift*.

Marriage ought always to be a question, not necessarily, but choice. Every girl ought to be taught that a hasty, loveless union stamps upon her as foul dishonor as one of those connections which omit the legal ceremony altogether—and that, however pale, dreary and toilsome a single life may be, an ever-haunting temptation, an incurable regret, from which there is no escape but death.—*Mrs Malock*.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is happier who can suit his temper to his circumstances.—*Hume*.

THE THREE GENTLEMEN.—He is courteous and affable to his neighbors. As the sword of the best-tempered metal is most flexible, so the truly generous are most pliant and courteous in their behaviour to their inferiors.—*T. Fuller*.

WEEK BARNEY was told
He was looking quite ill,
Bill stuck to his habit of impudent joking;
"That's the difference," quoth he,
"Between you and me—
That I'm looking ill, and that you are ill-look-
ing."

In Sweden, a man who is seen four times drunk is deprived of a vote at elections.

Stones are hard, and cakes of ice are cold, and all who feel them feel alike; but the good or the bad events which fortune brings upon us, are felt according to the qualities that we, not they, possess. They are in themselves indifferent and common accidents, and they acquire strength by nothing but our vice or our weakness. Fortune can dispense neither felicity nor infelicity, unless we co-operate with her.—*Boisgoblot*.

GIVEN A LUCK.—The year clears the Winter with a Spring.

All politeness is owing to liberty. We polish one another, and rub off our corners and rough sides, by a sort of amicable collision. To restrain this is inevitably to bring a rust upon men's understandings.—*Shelley*.

"Are you a skillful mechanic?" "Yes, sir." "What can you make?" "Oh, almost anything in my line." "Can you make a devil?" "Certainly—just put up your foot and I will split it in three seconds. I never saw a chap in my life that required less alteration."

On conscience! conscience! man's most faithful friend!

Him canst thou comfort, ease, relieve, defend;

But if he will thy friendly checks forego,

Thou art, oh! we for me, his deadliest foe! —*Crabbe*

A wit being told that an old acquaintance was married, exclaimed, "I am glad to hear it." But reflecting a moment he added, in a tone of compassion and forgetfulness, "and yet I don't know why I should be—he never did me any harm."

A good woman is not thoroughly known before marriage. Of how many sweet domestic virtues may not she be possessed, of which even he who values her most highly is unaware until he has placed her in his own mansion to be the guardian angel of his household happiness!

An excuse is worse and more terrible than a lie; for an excuse is a lie guarded.—*Rope*.

Gifts are the beads of Memory's rosary.

—*L. E. L.*

TANTALUS OUTDO.—Just imagine a shipwrecked sailor on a raft reading a Cookery Book.

A CHILD RECOVERED FROM THE MORMONE.—A case was tried recently before Chief Justice McKee and Associate Justice Sinclair, of the Supreme Court of Utah. It seems that about four years ago the wife of Mr. H. Polydore, a lawyer residing in Gloucestershire, England, joined the Mormons and ran away from him taking her only child, a daughter, from the boarding-school at which she was placed, she brought her, in a company of Mormons, to this place.

The father, in the meantime, made every effort to discover the whereabouts of the mother and child, and a considerable time elapsed before he found out that they were hiding among the Mormons. Finding that his individual efforts would be unavailing in procuring the return of his child, he applied to Lord Malmesbury, the Minister of Foreign Affairs in England, for the aid of the Government in his behalf. An application was made, therefore, by the English Government, through Lord Napier, to Secretary Cass, for the assistance of our Government in the matter. The latter forwarded instructions to General Johnston, directing him to use every effort in his power to find the child and secure its restoration to the father. As soon as the civil authorities had become established in Utah, the case was placed in the hands of the United States District Attorney. The child, who is only twelve years old, was found with her aunt, who is the fourth wife of Samuel Richards, one of the twelve Apostles. The mother and the girl had returned to the States.

Upon examination the court ordered that the child should be restored to her father, and she will accordingly be sent on, as soon as a suitable escort can be found, to Lord Napier, at Washington.

GERMAN THEORY RESPECTING THE CHOLERA.—Dr. Max Pettenkofer, of Germany, is the author of a work possessing considerable ability, and bearing the title, "Investigations and Observations in regard to the Propagation of Cholera, with Reflections on the Proper Means of arresting its Progress." The facts which Dr. Pettenkofer claims to have fully established are—that the disease is not contagious, in the usual sense of the word, but that it can nevertheless, be carried from one place to another; that it always follows the usual routes of commerce; that no elevation above the ocean is a guaranty against the disease, nor is any depth necessarily exposed to its ravages; that no contagious cholera matter is floating in the atmosphere, and that consequently the disease is not propagated by currents of air; that it is not propagated through the water; that it is propagated through the earth; that the earth receives and develops the cholera contagion from the excrements of diseased persons; that excrements from a diseased person thrown into a sink or privy are capable of transforming the whole mass into a heap of cholera contagion; that gases disengaged by the decomposition of organic substances, especially of excrements, penetrate the earth, rise to the surface, and become then the cause of fevers and of cholera.

POLITICS IN NEW YORK.—The American and Republican Conventions, which met at Syracuse, N. Y., on Thursday, failed to effect a union. The Republicans nominated the following ticket:

For Governor—E. D. Morgan.
For Lieutenant-Governor—Robert Campbell.
For Canal Commissioner—Hiram Gardner.
For State Prisoner Inspector—Everest.
Various messages then passed to and fro between the two Conventions, relative to the terms of an agreement, but it was found impossible to coalesce, and the Americans proceeded to the nomination of an independent State ticket, which was perfected as follows:
For Governor—Lorenz Burrows.
For Lieutenant-Governor—N. S. Benton.
For Canal Commissioner—J. R. Thompson.
For State Prison Inspector—W. A. Russell.

ACCIDENT ON THE STEUBENVILLE AND INDIANA RAILROAD.—The Cincinnati Express train going west on the Steubenville and Indiana Railroad ran through a bridge, on the evening of the 10th instant, thirteen miles west of Steubenville.

A despatch from the Secretary of the road says that the bridge broke near the first tunnel. All the passengers were sent off the next morning except one man who had both legs broken. Conductor Moore received a severe cut on the head; the baggage master was slightly hurt; James Fleming, engineer of duty was badly hurt. Other passengers were slightly injured, but able to leave.

GLANCES AT MY PRESENT CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE."

ST. HELENA.

My last letter showed the reader how it was that we arrived at St. Helena on the 27th of January, 1858. I am now, in the present number, going to endeavor to impart a fair idea of what we there saw, heard and did.

The very day after our arrival the fleet surgeon and myself incurred the ridicule of "the mess" by quietly observing, that we were going to walk out to Longwood. It is scarcely necessary here to observe that "Longwood" is the name of the estate upon which the great Napoleon lingered out the last sad hours of his eventful life. This estate is situated near the top of the island, and is remarkable as possessing the longest tract of level land on that volcanic upheaval. This tract contains only three or four acres, from which fact some estimate may be formed of the steep and broken nature of the island. There are two houses now upon Longwood—"The Old House" and the "New House." It was in the former that the great Emperor lived through years of wanton and ungenerous insult—and just as he was dying, they built him "The New House." He never entered it, however. We had heard at Madeira that the English Government had presented "The Old House" plus an acre or two of ground to the French, and that "The Tomb" had been presented in like manner. "The Tomb" is not at Longwood. It is situated in a deep gorge, about one mile nearer Jamestown. Longwood is 2,500 feet above the sea, and five miles back from Jamestown, nearly in the centre of the island. The roads are zigzag, Macadamized, and very steep—not so much so as at Madeira, however. The hill-sides are sometimes bare, and sometimes sprinkled with an undergrowth of prickly pear, geranium, willow, etc.; more in the interior some of them support growths of stunted pines. To return to my narrative.

"I think I see you!" said the marine officer to the doctor, half enviously, "I'll bet you'll weigh several pounds less when you come back, if you do!"

"If you'll come along, I'll walk you down before you have gone a mile!" quietly replied "The Fleet."

"No! I reckon I'll ride!" replied the soldier.

And we began to prepare for the shore. As we stepped into the boat and shoved from the ship's side, the party numbered eight. As we reached the landing, and separated, we were reduced to three. The doctor, Mr. B—, an engineer, and myself. The other five saluted us by the title of "dejected pedestrians," as they turned a corner to search for a livery stable, and left us with the caution, "Look out that we don't ride over you before you get half way!"

"It seems that they expect us to race with them!" I remarked to the doctor.

"I'll tell you what it is, Smith," he replied, "if they don't look sharp about their horses, and if Longwood isn't over three miles from town, we'll beat them."

Imagine a perpendicular wall of black rock six hundred feet high, washed by the sea, and having its towering breast rent by a black and yawning ravine retreating in broken length up into and between the overhanging mountains. The width of this ravine is about one hundred yards, and its inclination about as great as that of an ordinary carriage road. Its surface is by no means level; so that the parade ground, larger court-yards, gardens, &c., are mostly bolstered by artificial means. You may say that Jamestown consists of but one street, which follows the winding of the ravine, and throws off a narrow ally here and there by way of an archway. Of course the widest part of the town is directly at the beach, and there you encounter a heavy wall of stone-masonry, protected by a moat which must be crossed by a draw-bridge before you enter the town. This wall extends from cliff to cliff, is over twenty feet high, and is flanked by strong batteries. One of "the mess" and myself counted eleven of these latter from our position on the ship's deck; a perfect collection of fortifications.

As you approach the town in a boat, the cliffs on either hand arise to a height of six hundred and odd feet, are perfectly perpendicular in front, and so steep over the sides of the town that they can be ascended only by steps or zig-zag roads. Both of these are provided; in fact every road on the island is necessarily zig-zag; and it is almost exciting to look upon the long line of steps which ascend from the right of the city to the fort crowned crest overhead. There are six hundred and forty steps to that dizzy flight, and when you have ascended them all, you are six hundred feet higher than when you started; so one can imagine their inclination—it must be over thirty degrees; infinitely more steep than those of a house. We were told that so many persons had lost strength and confidence while ascending them and thus fallen or narrowly escaped doing so, that it was not every one who was now allowed to undertake it. During our whole stay I did not accomplish the feat; but our marine officer who was induced to come down them, was so used up that he complained of sore muscles for the next week. There you have "Jamestown" reader, fronted by its heavy stone walls, flanked by its rocky hill sides, backed by an irregular and retreating ravine, and overhung by clouds and heavy fortifications.

And now let us trudge up and along the left wall of this ravine which runs back from Jamestown towards Diana's Peak, and which we must follow for a mile or so before we can cut across the ridge by a zig-zag path, and thence over several other ridges to Longwood.

As we thus breasted the steep hill-side under the melting rays of a hot forenoon sun, we left the town both behind and below us, looked down upon the troops in red and white uniform, who were being exercised in the limited parade ground, and finally halted at one of the zig-zag turnings to look down upon "The Briers." "The Briers" is the name of a small

country seat, romantically situated a mile or more up the Jamestown ravine, surrounded by tasteful grounds, and interesting to the admirer of Napoleon, as the place where he passed the first two weeks of his final captivity. We lingered sadly over it for a while and then continued our walk; just as we were joined by two of the junior officers who had taken another road.

The ridge crossed, we found a most promising country opening before us. We would now occasionally leave the carriage-road, and take the steeper but shorter cuts over the hills, passing through groves of pines and smaller trees, bushes, cactus plants of a dozen different forms, geranium plants covered with bright red flowers, and walking over a beautiful wax-like creeper, whose leaves were a bright green, shaped like a bow's tush, and sprinkled profusely with yellow flowers. They were also so densely packed together that it was like walking over the most yielding of turfs. We had employed an active-looking boy of fifteen, to go with us as guide, and as we were in an English colony, he of course spoke English. Then the two officers who had joined us were bountifully supplied with two similar animals, between whom and our boy a desperate rivalry for the patronage of strangers seemed to exist. The consequence of this was, that they held each other in mutual contempt. This we soon discovered and derived no small amount of amusement from pitting them against each other whenever we saw anything that needed explanation.

"What do you call that bird?" I asked, pointing to a pair of beautiful canaries. I already knew from Mr. Somers that they were both plentiful and indigenous, but wanted to get up a dispute. I also knew from the same authority, that most of the other small birds seen in the bushes, were the offspring of parents imported and turned loose by design.

"Call him canary bird!" he replied quickly, "people find him here when they first come to the island."

"How is that?" I asked, appealing to "the couple," "he says those birds have always been on the island; what do you think of it?"

"Pshaw!" they answered, "he no know! You believe him?"

"Sir! those boys are no guides at all! They know nothing!" retorted our Cicerone contemptuously.

This will serve to give the reader an idea of the state of feeling existing between our "solo," and the "duette" of our newly joined friends.

"By jove!" suddenly exclaimed the doctor, halting under the shade of a small tree near a turn of the road, "by jove! this heat is terrible. It serves me right though, for leaving my umbrella. Pshaw! this sun is hotter than I bargained for."

"My goodness! You haven't left your old cotton?" I queried, incredulously.

"Yes!" he sighed. "I don't know how I came to do it. But it's done nevertheless." The doctor and his large cotton umbrella always put me in mind of Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday—they were seldom seen apart.

We had travelled about two and a half miles over such a road as the one already described, when we were overtaken by our equestrian friends, who, prancing by us in high good humor, commented freely upon our soiled garments, and generously offered us the use of their horses.

"Poor fellows! They are almost broke down!" sympathized the master.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the second lieutenant, "just look at their dusty feet and trousers." "May be you'd like to ride behind?" kindly suggested the captain of marines.

"I'll hire my horse at double price!" offered another, &c., &c.

To all these pleasantries we replied in a most vivacious manner, dwelling at great length upon the subsequent benefit always derived from such exercise as ours, as well as upon the annoying results which generally overtook inexperienced horsemen. In addition to all this the doctor got up a spasmodic amount of activity, which enabled him to leap up and down the embankment with surprising vigor—after which he made a feint of jumping up behind one of our equestrian messmates, and ended by asking them if they thought men who were fagged out were equal to work like that. They passed on, crossed the summit of our last hill, and galloped quickly along its opposite side in the direction of the Tomb. We followed more slowly, and upon gaining the summit, over which they had disappeared, found a beautifully laid out garden upon our right, and under us upon the left, a vast gorge, which, as usual, commenced at Diana's Peak as a centre, and wound its rugged and descending length to the sea. I should have previously remarked that the island of St. Helena rises boldly out of the sea to a height of 2,800 feet, and that the highest point is known as "Diana's Peak."

"Diana's Peak" is in about the centre of the island; which has a circumference of not more than 30 miles, and the valleys (or rather ravines) diverge from it as a common centre as they descend to the sea. We looked over this valley to the opposite side and saw Longwood, separated from us by a chasm a mile or more in width, and probably a thousand feet deep. The road wound around this chasm, along the breast of the hill, crossing it by a broken and transverse ridge—the remainder of our way was therefore level, though artificially so.

"There is Longwood!" shouted our solo.

"And here in the bottom of the valley is the Tomb!"

"I suppose the gentlemen like first to step into the garden and drink from the water pipe!" suggested the duette, enviously. As we were all very warm and thirsty this suggestion of the duette met with the consideration it deserved. Our solo saw this and was determined to be revenged. Here is the way he revenged himself:

"The gentleman who owns the garden does not like strangers to carry too many boys in with them. These two boys had better stay out—they always eat the fruit."

"Pshaw! Eat fruit yourself!" retorted the duette. "The gentleman know better."

"Well! you may all stay out," we replied. They all followed us, however, as a matter of course. As we left the garden after refreshing

ourselves with some very cool water and continued our walk, we found the left or down hill side of the road guarded by a stone wall three feet high, and the right overhung by the distorted branches of stunted pines, which gave us a very pleasant shade. And now I noticed for the first time that all of these pines were bent over to the northward and westward at an almost uniform angle. We concluded rightly that this was owing to the constant pressure of the southeast trade wind, which bending them easily when they were young, thus regulated their growth. Even the branches and leaves were twisted and bent in the same direction.

We pass around the ravine, follow the road as it winds along the opposite hill-side, turn a corner, and come suddenly in full view of an undulating stretch of green sward, dotted with distorted pines and cedars, and ended by two houses at the distance of a quarter of a mile. And now, reader, take off your hat and show respect to the mighty dead. In that miserable and half-ruined building to the right, Napoleon Bonaparte lingered out the sad remnant of his nervous life. In that more pretentious mansion to the left it was proposed to crush his spirit by years of continued insult—should his days not have been shortened. These two houses, and these hills which run off below us, compose all that is left of "Longwood." Let us walk on and enter "the old house."

We find the room in which he died windowless now, and used as a threshing room. Another had stalls built in it, and is used as a stable for horses and milk cows. Of a third, one side of the wall has fallen out, and in a fourth are nightly barricaded a flock of sheep. The plastering is nearly all worn from the walls; and damp, and neglect, and time are fast numbering it with the things that were. We lingered sadly through the deserted halls and passages, and then returned toward the Tomb. We found this beautifully situated in the very bottom of the ravine, moistened by the spring from which he was so fond of drinking, and overhung by the willow which will never die. True the old willow is no longer there, but a younger and stronger one has arisen from its dust to spread its drooping branches over the weatherworn tomb, and arrest the eye of the inquiring traveller.

We spread our lunch under the shade of the willow, dipped water from the hill-side spring, cast ourselves upon the yielding turf, and passed a grateful half hour. Then we resumed our return, and reached the ship before sunset. A week later we were again at sea, bound for the Cape of Good Hope, distant 1,600 miles.

BABY LILY.

She was a purer, fairer bud Than Summer's sun unclouded; Spring brought her with the violet, She left us with the rose.

A little pillow, where the print Of her small head yet lingers: A silver coral, tarnished o'er With clasp of tiny fingers;

A mound, the rosebud at the head Were all too long to measure, And this is all that heaven has left Us of our little treasure.

Oh! human pearl, too pale and pure, Oh! little Lily blossom! The angels lent a little space To grace a mortal bloom.

The azure heavens bend above, Unfolding and cruel, A casket all too odd and vast To shrine our little jewel.

Sleep, baby, calmly in thy nest Amid the fading flowers, The while we strive to speak the words, "God's will be done—not ours."

THE PRIVATE MAD-HOUSES OF ENGLAND.

Charles Reade, the author of "Never Too Late To Mend," has published in a London paper the following narrative of an escape from a private mad-house, illustrative of the way they sometimes manage such places in England:

On Friday last a tale was brought to me that a sane prisoner had escaped from a private mad-house, had just baffled an attempt to recapture him by violent entry into a dwelling-house, and was now hiding in the suburbs. The case was grave; the motives alleged for his incarceration were sinister; but the interpreters were women, and consequently partisans, and some, though not all, of the parties concerned on the other side bear a fair character. Humanity said, "Look into the case." Prudence said, "Look at it on both sides." I insisted, therefore, on a personal interview with Mr. —. This was conceded, and we spent two hours together, all which time I was of course testing his mind to the best of my ability. I found him a young gentleman of a healthy complexion, manner &c., but not what one would call excited. I noticed, however, that he liked to fidget string and other trifles between his finger and thumb at times. He told me his history for some years past, specifying the dates of several events; he also let me know he had been subject for two years to fits, which he described to me in full. I recognized the character of these fits. His conversation was sober and reasonable. But had I touched the exciting theme? We all know there is a class of madmen who are sober and sensible till the one false chord is struck. I came, therefore, to that delusion which was the original ground of —'s incarceration—his notion that certain of his relations are keeping money from him that is his due. This was the substance of the hallucination as he revealed it to me. His father was member of a firm with his uncle and others. Shortly before his death his father made a will leaving him certain personalities, the interest of £5,000, and should he live to be twenty-four, the principal of ditto, and the reversion, after his mother's death, of another considerable sum.

Early last year he began to inquire why the principal due to him was not paid. His uncle then told him there were no assets to his father's credit, and never had been. On this, he admits, he wrote "abominably passionate" letters, and

demanding to inspect the books. This was refused him, but a balance sheet was sent him, which was no evidence to his mind, and did not bear the test of addition, being £40,000 out on the evidence of its own figures. This was his tale, which might be all bosh for aught I could tell. Not being clever enough to distinguish truth from fancy by divination, I took cab, and off to Doctors' Commons, determined to bring some of the above to book. Well, gentlemen, I found the will, and I discovered that my maniac had understated the interest he takes under it. I also find, as he told me I should, his uncle's name down as one of the witnesses to the will. Item, I made a little private discovery of my own, viz., that — is residuary legatee, subject to his mother's life interest, and that all his interest under the will goes to five relations of the generation above him should he die intestate. I now came to this conclusion, which I think you will share with me, that —'s delusion may or may not be an error, but cannot be a hallucination, since it is simply good logic founded on attested facts. For on which side lies the balance of credibility? The father makes a solemn statement that he has thousands of pounds to bequeath. The uncle assents in writing while the father is alive, but gives the father and himself the lie when the father is no longer on earth to contradict him. They say in law, "Allegans contraria non est audiendus." Being now satisfied that the *soi distant* delusion might be error but could not be aberration of judgment, I subjected him to a new class of proofs. I asked him if he would face medical men of real eminence, and not in league with mad-house doctors. "He would with pleasure. It was his desire." We went first to Dr. Dickson, who has great experience, and has effected some remarkable cures of mania.

Dr. Dickson, as may well be supposed, did not take as many seconds as I had taken hours. He laughed to scorn the very notion that the man was mad. "He is as sane as we are," said Dr. Dickson. From Bolton street we all three got to Dr. Rutledge, Hanover Square, and on the road, Dr. Dickson and I agreed to apply a test to Dr. Rutledge, which it would have been on many accounts unwise to apply to a man of ordinary skill. Dr. Dickson introduced me thus: "One of these is insane, said to be, which is it?" Dr. Rutledge took the problem mighty coolly, sat down by me first, with an eye like a diamond; it went slap into my marrow-bone. Asked me clapping questions, touched my wrist, saw my tongue, and said quietly, "This one is sane." Then he went and sat down by —, and drove an eye into him, asked him catching questions, made him tell him in order all he had done since seven o'clock, felt pulse, saw tongue. "This one is sane, too," Dr. Dickson then left the room, after telling him what was —'s supposed delusion, and begged him to examine him upon it. The examination lasted nearly half an hour, during which — related the circumstances of his misunderstanding, his capture, and his escape, with some minuteness. The result of all this was a certificate of sanity; copy of which I subjoin. The original can be seen at my house by any lady or gentleman connected with literature or the press:

"We hereby certify that we have this day, both conjointly and separately, examined Mr. —, and we find him to be in every respect of sound mind, and laboring under no delusion whatever. Moreover, we entertain a very strong opinion that the said Mr. — has at no period of his life labored under insanity. He has occasionally epileptic fits.

(Signed) JAMES RUTLEDGE, M. D. "S. DICKSON, M. D.

"19 George street, Hanover Square, Aug. 9." This man, whose word I have no reason to doubt, says the keeper of the mad-house told him he should never go out of it. This, if true, implies the absence of all intention to cure him. He was a customer, not a patient; he was not in a hospital, but a jail, condemned to imprisonment for life, a sentence so awful that no English judge has ever yet had the heart to pronounce it upon a felon. — is an orphan. The law is too silly and one-sided, and slow to protect him against the prompt and daring men who are even now hunting him. But while those friends the God of the fatherless has raised him, his defence, you can aid justice greatly by letting daylight in.

A HAUNTED HOUSE.—There was a lone house standing by itself, near a plantation, not far from Guildford. This house nobody would ever take, because it was haunted, and strange noises heard in it every night after dark. Several tenants tried it, but were frightened away by the noises. At last, one individual, more courageous than the rest, resolved to unravel the mystery. He accordingly armed himself cap-a-pie, and having put out the light, remained sentry in one of the rooms. Shortly, he heard on the stairs pit, pat; a full stop, then pit, pat; a full stop again. He flung open the door—hurry, skurry, bang; something went down stairs with a tremendous jump; and all over the bottom of the house the greatest confusion, as of thousands of demons rushing in all directions, was heard. This was enough for one night. The next night our crafty sentry established himself on the first landing with a heap of straw and a box of lucifer matches; soon all was quiet. Up the stairs again came the pit pat, pit pat. When the noise was close to his ambush he scamped his match, and set fire to the straw, which blazed up like a bonfire in an instant; and what did he see? only a rabbit, who stood on his hind-legs, as much astonished as was the sentry. The noise made was only the rabbit's fore and hind legs hitting the boards as he hopped from one stair to the other. The rabbits had got into the house from the neighboring plantation, and had fairly frightened away, by their nocturnal wanderings, the rightful owners thereof. The courageous sentry held his tongue as to the cause of the ghost, got the house at a reduced rent, and several capital rabbit pies made of the ghosts' bodies into the bargain.—*Curiosities of Natural History.*

"Justice," says William Penn, "is the insurance which we have on our lives and property."

RELIGIO CHRISTI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

(Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1858, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.)

As the summer advanced my disease increased. At length I directed my course toward Sydney. The physician I consulted was the most skillful in the colony. It was nearly six months before he would consent to my withdrawing from under his care. He told me then that at the period when I came to him I was in such imminent danger that it was inconceivable to him how I had kept about, seeming to suffer so little, and showing so little sense of inconvenience. He assured me that to attempt to stay again for a long time would be to risk instant death; and desired me to select some easy and unexciting occupation.

I had met with the System of Theology delivered as a course of lectures by Dr. Dwight, of Yale College, Connecticut, at the house of a friend, a clergyman in Sydney. I saw at a glance that it was one of the most valuable books on Christian Theology which we possess. I could think of no more pleasant occupation than that of studying it thoroughly at a quiet sheep-station in some lone green sunny valley of the Blue Mountains. I could get (I knew) my rations and about a hundred and fifty dollars a year as a hut-keeper at one of these stations. A couple of hours in the morning would suffice to do all the work required—the dogs being generally an ample guard for the flocks by night; thus I could have a long day for study.

Once more I left the busy town behind me, and took my way toward the interior. Nothing was easier than to make the arrangement I wanted. In the course of a couple of weeks I had found my happy valley in the recesses of the Australian Alps.

My study of the book I have just mentioned is one of the ineffaceable memories of my life. I often think what a curtailment of his gratifications that student suffers under, who has no religious mind. I could do, now, without a Euclid, a Homer, a Shakespeare; but hardly without Tiltonson and Jeremy Taylor, a Kempis (cloistered monk though he was) and Bunyan and Baxter; hardly without Dwight and Edwards, Chalmers and Channing; hardly without the lyrics of Watts, and that soul-soothing book of Barclay's. As sings Goethe, "Honor be to whom honor is due." Honor and benison ye great souls of men, to you who of so various sects outwardly yourselves, have nevertheless, by the secret tutelage of your spirits, concurred to teach me to have but the one creed, the creed of the Great Master ye all follow—Faith, Hope, and Love.

Nevertheless, there will no doubt be many ready to express their surprise, that even after adopting the principles of the immortality of the soul and the existence of an infinite intelligent Creator, I should have added to them, the divine origin of the Bible. Many think that the two former may be held without the latter. Happily so. Meantime since the latter cannot be held without the two former, and since they are all three good things, I must maintain my course to be the thirteenth one; which in this gain-loving age one would say, ought to be no small recommendation. But, as it is notorious, that out of every ten thousand, who reject the Bible as of uncertain authority and authenticity, there is probably not the second individual, but assuredly not the third who has weighed its evidences or even knows what they are, I shall be justified in putting down a few of the reasons which have led myself to rely on the teachings of this remarkable book, as my sole and sufficient directory. They are as follows:

1. Every other oracle which I have been able to meet with or hear of in my researches through nearly half a century, and aided by the most extensive libraries, has proved to be either insufficient in amount, or unsubstantial in quality. In the Bible, on the contrary, the very things I want to know are taught—the character of God, the nature of my own after life, how I can render that after life a happy one; the whole matter is so plainly, so rationally, and so fairly laid out, that my judgment and conscience give their unqualified approval of it; whilst the proofs of its coming directly from God for my instruction and assistance, are far more forcible than those which any other oracle furnishes me of its validity and authoritative origin. I am no fanatic. I act in the matter precisely as I would in a common bargain of every day life. I take that which suits me best. Philosophies and human theories will tell me what they know on the subjects I feel to be so important. Well, what do they know? Why, precisely what I know already, of myself, without their help. Is this all? Inquires the young reader. Verily, it is; just that and no more. They all came of man. But I also am a man. If I am to have only a man-made religion I will make one for myself. But would this do? Can the traveller be also the guide? Can the pupil be the teacher? Of course I could give a guess on the subjects. But what is guessing? Exercising imagination. I want something more certain than that process would yield. I want on such a grave matter as my endless woe and woe, something very definite, very substantial, very authentic; I want something unequivocally sound, amply sufficient, and guaranteed by some one of the highest dignity and most unimpeachable veracity, some one who knows better than myself. I find it in the Bible, and the Bible alone. I perceive, moreover, on reflection, that there is only one way in which such a theory could be furnished; and that is precisely the way in which the Bible is furnished. Nothing less than a Revelation from the Creator to the creature could inform the latter what are the ends of his creation and the laws of his destiny. There is not a more self-evident truth in all natural philosophy.

2. The intrinsic soundness of the moral substance of the book. Is theft commanded or forbidden? Is hatred commanded or forbidden? Is licentiousness commanded or forbidden? Is there one possible virtue not inculcated—once more not prohibited? Of what other system can this be said? unless, indeed, it be

* Apology for the Quakers.

some affiliate system which has sprung since, and in reality owes all its good qualities to it. Some have said—look at several of the modern deisms: observe how moral they are. But look at the ancient deisms, and observe how corrupt they were. Even such had been the modern, but for the teachings of Christianity. Others have objected more directly against our present thesis—that there can be shown instances in the Bible of the recital of culpable and indecorous personal transactions. The statement is a correct one as to the fact; but the objection is not a valid one. It is the duty and essential function of history, to state all facts of importance, good and bad alike. For inasmuch as those facts, in their place, are moral causes, we could not without them understand the subsequent facts or effects; history would become a bundle of the most irreducible riddles and a darkener of the mind. Others again, with much more show of reason, have pointed to acts seemingly contrary to morals, which were expressly commanded by God; such as these: The borrowing of the Egyptians' ornaments by the Hebrews, with the intention of not returning them; the sending forth by God of a lying spirit to delude Ahab to his death at Ramoth Gilead; with a number more instances of like kind. Now for my own part as a solitary reasoner, I frankly acknowledge that if we could not meet this by a blow at once fair and exterminating, it would be fatal to our cause. But we can. The reply to the allegation needs no looking after. It lies close at hand. The objector is begging his case. He is assuming what he cannot prove. He is guilty of the fallacy of setting *the law* above the *God* who gave it. This is an ample reply, logically. But, on our part, we will not be content to rest on it. We will suppose that there still remains something wanting to give full satisfaction to the human mind. We find it here. The Ruler, when the law is broken, becomes the avenger. It is His right—it is His duty, (no duty can be plainer,) to turn back upon the offender the offender's offensive power he has himself initiated. The violent deaths of the courts are not murders—the violent seizures of the law are not thefts. The self same acts which the ruler prohibits to each individual, he is himself bound to perform on offenders, for the good of the whole. Either a retributive law, or chaos. There is no further alternative. But if a retributive law—if without it in society, there would be anarchy; if without it in nature, there would be chaos—who so safe a custodian of its powers as a God. Can man demand to use a power himself which he denies to his Maker? Preposterous! Now, then, we say that no instance can be shown in the Bible, wherein God has thus used malign agencies *retributively*; as punishments; in defence of the good; turning back on the head of the evil man, the evil forces he had himself evoked. In the case of the Hebrews and Egyptians, what more proper than that the former should be remunerated for their long years of labor on it, the "ornaments" of the latter. The fact is, it was a very mild administration of the moral law, for the offender. In the case of Ahab, who not only would not believe, but persecuted God's prophets, what more proper than that he should be given over at last to the lying prophets. And so it will be found in any case that can be selected. A large collection of similar objections were once made by Mr. Paine, but Bishop Watson, in his "Apology for the Bible," mowed them down as the mower sweeps down a field of grass. In short, so certain is the immaculate excellence of the moral substance of the Bible, that it has of late years become the most approved strategy of the antagonistic side to admit, and even extol it. How, then, need I any other guide of my faith and practice in spiritual things? But if I did need such, where could I find it? For to what has been asserted already, there is this yet to be added—that there is no other system—as all men of all parties will allow—which supports its teachings by sanctions so solemn; that so daunts the evil; that so solaces and inspires the good; that goes so profoundly into the substance of the soul. Who, seriously inclined to make a right choice, could hesitate for a day between this remarkable book and the flimsy substitutes proffered in lieu of it? Why, I have seen some of the most bitter and eloquent opponents of its inspiration in Europe, with the book lying open before them, whilst they read its words to their auditors, and inculcated its moral precepts.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOW A PLAN OF CHERBOURG WAS GOT.—No doubt the Emperor Napoleon is perfectly aware of the fact that in our Ordnance Office there are plans of the works at Cherbourg, quite as accurate and complete as will be that model which he is to present to our Queen. No thanks for this to the French authorities, for they were obtained by the skill, the patience, and the tact of one of our engineer officers. Two or three years ago, you might have met at one of the hotels of that town, an English gentleman who seemed one of the idliest of mortals, and at the same time one of the most eccentric in his tastes. It was difficult to understand why a man, who really seemed to have nothing to do—whose time was passed in strolling in *cafés* and in lounging—should have selected so dull a place as Cherbourg for the very protracted stay he made. No professional object could, it would seem, have taken him there, for no one ever saw anything in his hands but a walking-stick; and although it is true that he did occasionally smoke a cigar now on this bastion and now on that ravine, no one ever saw him take the trouble to make anything like a tour of the entente, and among the visitors to the port none were so inquisitive as to the works going on. And yet all the time that man was making a plan of the works. His harmless-looking walking-stick was a yard measure. As he trailed it listlessly up and down, it was doing its work. A pocket instrument measured every angle when no one's eye was upon him. And thus, by visiting in succession during many months every portion of the fortifications, and combining his notes, our countryman had at last the satisfaction of placing in the hands of the military authorities that complete and accurate survey of the fortifications of Cherbourg which they now possess.—*Correspondent of Manchester (Eng.) Examiner.*

CONTENTMENT.

"Man wants but little here below."
 I ask: "What do I want?"
 I only wish a bit of sleep.
 (A very plain brown stone will do.)
 That I may call my own;
 And close at hand is such a one.
 In yonder street that fronts the sun.
 Plain food is quite enough for me.
 Three courses are as good as ten.
 If Nature can subside on three,
 Thank Heaven for three. Amen!
 I always thought cold virtual nice—
 My choice would be vanilla-ice.
 I care not much for gold or land;
 Give me a mortgage here and there,
 Some good bank-stock, some note of hand,
 Or trifling railroad share;
 I only ask that Fortune send
 A little more than I shall spend.
 Honors are silly toys, I know,
 And titles are but empty names;
 I would, perhaps, be Pleno, or
 But only near St. James;
 I'm very sure I should not care
 To fill our Gubernator's chair.
 Jewels are baubles; 'tis a sin
 To care for such unfruitful things;
 One good-sized diamond in a pin,
 Some, not so large, in rings,
 A ruby, and a pearl, or so,
 Will do for me—I laugh at show.
 My dame should dress in cheap attire;
 (Good, heavy silks are never dear);
 I own perhaps I might desire
 Some shawls of true cashmere,
 Some wrinkled crapes of China silk,
 Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.
 I would not have the horse I drive
 So fast that folks must stop and stare;
 An easy gait—two, forty-five—
 Suits me; I do not care.
 Perhaps, for just a single year,
 Some seconds less would do no hurt.
 Of pictures, I should like to own
 Titians and Raphaels three or four,
 I love so much their style and tone,
 One Turner, and no more.
 (A landscape,—foreground golden dirt;
 The runshins painted with a squirt.)
 Of books but few,—some fifty score
 For daily use, and bound for wear,
 The rest upon an upper floor;
 Some little luxury there
 Of red morocco's gilded gleam,
 And vellum rich as country cream.
 Busts, cameos, gems,—such things as these,
 Which others often show for pride,
 I value for their power to please,
 And selfish curls desire;
 One Stradivarius, I confess,
 Two Meerschaums, I would fain possess.
 Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,
 Nor ape the glittering upstairs fool;
 Shall not carved tables serve my turn,
 But all must be of burl?
 Give grasping pomp its double share,
 I ask but one recumbent chair.
 Thus humble let me live and die,
 Nor long for Midas' golden touch;
 If Heaven more generous gifts deny,
 I shall not miss them much.
 Too grateful for the blessing lent!
 Of simple tastes and mild content!
 O. W. HOLMES in *Atlantic Monthly*.

A WOMAN'S LOVE,
AND A WIFE'S DUTY.

BY MRS. A. OPTIE.

When we had extended the six weeks which we meant to pass in London to two months, I expressed a wish of returning into the country; and Seymour complied with so little reluctance, that I prepared to return home with a much lighter heart than I had expected ever to feel again. But Mrs. Pendarves had a parting gift for me in her own way—a piece of intelligence which clouded over the unexpected brilliancy of my home-prospects.

"Well, my dear niece," said she, "I am glad you are going, though I am sorry to part with you; for I do not like Seymour's friend, Lord Charles Belmont. He seems to me, my dear, to have, in the words of the poet—

"That low cunning which from fools supplies,
 And aptly, too, the means of being wise."

And I have thought no good of him ever since I saw him come out of Lady Bell Singleton's house with your husband."

"What!" cried I, catching hold of a chair, for my strength seemed suddenly to fail me, "does my husband visit Lady Bell?"

"Yes, that once I am sure he did; but then I do not doubt that Lord Charles took him there; for I am told his great pleasure is to alienate his married friends from their wives."

Alas! from what a pinnacle of happiness and confidence did this foolish woman cast me down in one moment! Reply I could not; and she went on to give me one piece of advice—and that was, never, if I could help it, to admit Lord Charles within my doors, and to discourage his intimacy with my husband as much as I could.

By this time, I had a little recovered this overwhelming blow, and I resolved, in self-defence, and in defence of my husband's character, to tell her I must believe she was mistaken in thinking she saw Pendarves come out of Lady Bell's house; but whether that were true or false, I must request her to keep such communications to herself in future, as a wife was the last person whom any one should presume to inform of the errors of her husband. But company came in; and soon after my uncle drove up to the house in his travelling carriage, and in a few minutes more they were both on the road to Cornwall. If Seymour, when he came in, had found me alone with Mrs. Pendarves, he would have attributed the strange abstraction of my manner to some information which she had given me; but he now imputed it to the headache of which I with

justice complained; and when my visitors went away, he tenderly urged me to go to my chamber, and lie down.

This was fortunate, as I should have disliked excessively to tell him what his aunt had seen, and to let him observe how uneasy the communication had made me; for I was aware that a wife whose jealousy is so very apt to take alarm, is as troublesome to a husband as one whose nerves are so weak that she goes into a fit at the slightest noise, and starts at the mere shutting of a door. Still, my husband's ignorance of the cause of my indisposition was a great trial to me, for it forced me to have, for the first time, a secret from him. And he, too, it seemed, was keeping a secret from me; for spite of my entreaties that he would always tell me himself what it might grieve me to hear from others, he had called on Lady Bell Singleton, without telling me that he had done so!

Alas! I did indeed lie down, and I did indeed darken my room; but it was to hide my agitation and my tears; nor till Pendarves went out to dinner, with some difficulty prevailed on him to do, did I suffer the light to penetrate into my apartments, or my swollen eye-lids to be seen of any one. But then I rose—then, too, I rallied my spirits; for, in the first place, I was cheered by my husband's affectionate unwillingness to leave me, and in the next, I had nearly convinced myself that Mrs. Pendarves had not seen him when she fancied she did.

By this resolute endeavor to look only on the bright side, I was enabled, when my husband returned—which he did very early—to receive him with unforced smiles and cheerfulness.

The next day we set off immediately after breakfast, on our journey home; and I met my mother with a countenance so happy, that the look of anxious inquiry with which she beheld me was immediately exchanged for one of fearful joy.

"Thank God! my dearest child," she fervently exclaimed, "that I see you again, and see you thus!"

Why had she looked so anxious, and so inquiringly; and why was she thus so evidently surprised, as well as rejoiced?

No doubt, thought I, she is in correspondence with our gossiping aunt, and she has told my mother all she told me; no doubt, also, she has all along been that secret source whence was derived my mother's fear of uniting me to Pendarves. But then, was not her information derived from her husband—and was it not always only too authentic?

As these thoughts passed my mind, it was well for me that my mother was talking to Seymour, and did not observe me.

Two months had greatly embellished the appearance of our abode; and it looked so green and gay, and was so fragrant from the summer flowers, that Pendarves, always alive to present objects and present impressions, exclaimed, as we followed my mother through the grounds,

"Dearest Helen! why should we ever leave this paradise of sweets? Here let us live and die!"

"Agreed," said I; and my mother looked at us with delighted eyes, but eyes that beamed through tears.

Calm and tranquil were the months that followed—though my husband's brow was always clouded when letters arrived bearing the London post-mark; and when I asked who his correspondent was, he answered, "Lord Charles;" but never communicated to me the contents of these letters.

In walking, riding, receiving and paying visits, passed the time till September, when my husband had an invitation to spend a few days in Norfolk, on a shooting excursion; and when he returned, he found me confined to my sofa with indisposition. Never had woman a tenderer nurse than he proved himself during the three succeeding months; at the end of that time I was quite recovered; and as he had business in London, he declared his intention of going thither for some days, as he could not bear, he said, to leave me some few months later, and when a time was approaching so dear to his wishes and expectations.

To London, therefore, he went, and left me to combat and indulge, alternately, the fears of a jealous and the confidence of a tender wife.

His letters became a study to me. I tried to find out, by his expressions, in what state of mind he wrote. Sometimes I fancied them hurried, and expressive of a mind not at ease with itself; then, in another passage, I read the unembarrassed eloquence of faithful and confiding love.

During his absence, my mother found me a bad companion: I was for ever falling into reverie, and a less penetrating eye than hers would have discovered that my symptoms were those of mental uneasiness.

At length he returned, and he gazed on my faded cheek and evidently anxious countenance with such tender concern, that my care-worn brow instantly resumed its wonted cheerfulness; and when my mother came to welcome him, she was surprised at the alteration in my looks.

"Foolish child!" said she, in a faltering voice, when Pendarves left the room, "foolish child! to depend thus for happiness—nay, health and life itself, perhaps, on one of frail and human mould! I see how it is with you: you were ill and anxious yesterday, but he is come, and you need no other physician."

"Did you see much of Lord Charles?" said I the next day, looking earnestly for my needle while I spoke, as I was conscious that my countenance was not tranquil.

"No—yes—on the whole I did. But why do you ask? I believe he is no favorite of yours."

"Certainly not."

"But I hope, Helen, you are not so very a wife as to wish me to give up an old friend merely because he does not please you?"

"No; I am not so unreasonable, even though I could give substantial reasons for my dislike."

"And pray what are these reasons? Oh! that reminds me of a joke Lord Charles has against you, Helen. He tells me he is sure you thought that he fell in love with you, when, on being first presented to you, he ex-

pressed his admiration in his usual frank way, which means nothing; for he says your prudery took alarm, and you drew up your beautiful neck to its utmost height, and have my lord and your lordship him ever since into the most awful distance."

"True; but for a manner that means nothing, I never saw a manner more offensive to a modest wife. However, I am very glad he has been so clear-sighted as to my motives; for I wish him to know that I do not love such marked homage from him, or any other friend of yours, even in a joke."

"You are piqued, Helen."

"I am."

"Perhaps you wish me to call Lord Charles out? But, indeed, were I to call out all the men who look at you with admiring eyes, I should soon sleep with my fathers, or send numbers to sleep with theirs. No, no, excuse me, Helen: I will not quarrel with Lord Charles; for even if the fire ever was kindled, your snow has now completely extinguished it; and I do assure you, he is a very good fellow, though odd, and not always pleasant."

"Is he paying his court to that Lady Bell?" said I, speaking her name with difficulty, and preceding it with an impudent dash.

"I really—I cannot say positively. But that Lady Bell, as you emphatically call her, has quarrelled with that fine young man whom you saw at Ranelagh, and perhaps it is on his account."

I said no more, for I saw his color heighten, and that his manner was hurried; and I tried to believe that the quarrel was wholly on Lord Charles Belmont's account.

I now, however, took myself seriously to task, for was I not violating a wife's duty, in trying to find errors in the conduct of my husband? and was I not, by so doing, endangering my own peace of mind, my health, and consequently, in my situation, my life? Was I not also depressing those spirits, and weakening those powers of exertion, which ought to make home agreeable and alluring to the dear object of my weak solicitude?

The result of this severe self-examination was, that I resolutely determined to turn away from every anxious and jealous suggestion—to believe, as long as I could, that my husband was as deserving of my love and confidence when absent as he was when present, and to make a vigorous effort to stop myself on my way to being a fretful, jealous, and miserable wife.

Nor did I break my resolution, as you well know, my dear friend; for, if I had, you would never have even fancied that I deserved to be exhibited as an example of a wife's duty. But if I had not begun to school myself when I did, all would have been over with me.

I cannot help observing here, that this painful jealousy, which I endured so early in my married life, was owing to my having, in despite of my mother's wise prohibition, united myself to a man, of the steadiness of whose principles I had had too much reason to doubt; and I could not help saying to myself sometimes, "If I had married De Walden, I should have had none of these misgivings."

As the hour of my confinement drew nearer and nearer, Seymour's tender attention increased; and at length, after severe suffering, I became a mother; but scarcely had I been allowed to gaze upon my child—scarcely had I heard its first faint cry, (that sound which thills so powerfully through the heart,) when its voice was stopped by death, and it closed its eyes forever.

I am afraid I should have borne this affliction very ill, had I not been obliged to exert myself to quiet the fears of my husband and my mother for my life, as they thought that the shock might be fatal.

I had also to console them, for they were both grieved and disappointed. But their feelings were transitory; mine were still in full force when they believed they were forgotten; for, besides the sorrow I felt for the loss of that being whose helpless cry still vibrated in my ears, I felt that I had lost in it a strong cement to the tie which bound my husband to me; nor, till I found myself again likely to become a mother, was I really consoled.

A circumstance happened which induced me to conceal my situation; and this was an invitation which my mother received from the Count De Walden, to accompany his sister and her husband back to Switzerland, when they left England, which they were then visiting, and to stay some months with him and Ferdinand De Walden.

This invitation I well knew she would refuse, if she knew that accepting it would prevent her being with me during my period of suffering; and I allowed her to depart for Switzerland, with the expectation of being returned time enough to attend on me.

I own that this was a great trial to my selfishness, as I knew I should miss her greatly; but I thought the excursion would be so pleasing a one to her, that I felt it my duty to make the sacrifice. I suffered my husband to remain in ignorance also, lest he should betray me to her; and I had judged rightly; for when I owned the truth to him, it was with great difficulty I could prevail on him not to write, and say I had deceived her.

Alas! I had but too much reason to regret even this deception, which might be called a virtuous one.

It so happened that I had no married friend, or near relation, who could come to be with me at that time; and as Pendarves wished me to have a female companion, I was induced to accept the eagerly proffered services of a young lady, the eldest daughter of a numerous family, who had conceived a great attachment to my husband and me, and was very solicitous to be with me during my confinement.

The girl had such a warm and open manner, that I fancied her one of the most artless of human beings; I was so weak as to consider the gross flattery which she lavished on me and on Pendarves, as the honest overflowings of an affectionate heart.

I was, I own, a little startled when she used to kiss my husband's picture as it lay on my table, when she became my guest, and when I saw her come behind him, and cut off a lock of his hair. But as she afterwards begged for a piece of mine, that she might unite them in a locket, I considered this little circumstance as nothing but a flight of girlish romance.

What Pendarves thought of it, I know not; but he blushed excessively when he saw that I observed it, and tried to take the hair from her; on which a sort of romping ensued, that I thought vulgar, I own; but it called forth no other feeling.

Perhaps had she been handsome, I should not have been so easy; but she was, in my eyes, plain, and could scarcely, I thought, be called a fine girl. Besides, I had heard Seymour say she was dowdy and awkward. But few men are proof against the flatteries and attentions of any woman who is not old and ugly; and I soon found, though without any jealous fear, that Charlotte Jermyn had power to amuse my husband, and that her enthusiastic admiration of every thing which she liked was a source of never-failing entertainment to him.

He now was sufficiently intimate with her, he thought, to venture to hint the necessity of a reform in her dress; and she wore better clothes, became clean, if not neat, and in time she even learnt to look rather tidy; while Pendarves was flattered to see the effect of his admonitions, and used to reward her by challenging her to a long walk.

At length, after I had been confined to my sofa some weeks, I had the happiness of giving birth to a daughter; and my young nurse was most kind and assiduous in her attendance upon me; indeed, so much so, that she often shortened my husband's visits, on the kind plea that I was not yet strong enough to bear long ones from one so dear; and I, though reluctantly, dismissed him.

But I soon observed, that her own visits became very short; that she used still to kiss me, and call me "dearest creature!" and tell me how beautiful I looked in my night-cap; but now, when I asked for her I was told that she was gone out with Pendarves. And once, as he was standing by my bedside, she was not contented with saying he had been with me long enough, but she linked her arm in his, and dragged him away, in a manner at once boyish and familiar.

I also saw, that though she loaded my sweet baby with caresses when he was present, and tried to take her from him, she scarcely noticed it when he was absent.

Still I felt no distrust, because I had confidence in my husband's honor and affection. But I now saw that the countenances of my nurse and of my own maid, when I inquired for Miss Jermyn, used to assume an angry expression; and once my maid muttered, that she supposed she was with her master, for he could not stir but she was after him.

This I did not seem to hear; but it made me thoughtful.

When I had been confined three weeks, I was able to leave my chamber for my dressing-room, which overlooked the garden; and one day, as I ventured to the window for the first time, I saw Charlotte Jermyn walking with my husband, and ever and anon hanging on his arm, almost leaning her head against him occasionally, and looking up in his face (the while reading a book) with an expression of fondness which alarmed and disgusted me. I then saw her snatch the book from him; and as he tried to regain it, a great romping match ensued, and lasted till they ran out of my sight, and I felt me pale, motionless, and miserable.

For I found that I had been exposing my husband to the allurements of a coquetish romp; and though I acquitted both him and her of aught that was wrong, I still felt that no prudent wife would place the man she loved in such a situation.

Many, many a wife, it is well known, has had to rue the hour when, at a period like this, she has introduced into her family a young and seemingly-attached friend.

What was to be done? I saw that the servants were aware of what was passing, and they would not judge with the candor that I did. I therefore convinced myself, that regard for my husband's reputation, and not jealousy, determined me to get down stairs, and out again as fast as possible, in order that I might make some excuse for sending my dangerous attendant away, or at least be a guard over her conduct.

But to my great surprise and joy, my beloved mother arrived most unexpectedly that morning; for I had insisted on her not returning sooner on my account, as I was so well. However, she did come; and I received her with rapture, for more reasons than one; for now I had an excuse for sending Miss Jermyn away directly, as I wanted the best room for my mother.

Accordingly, I told her that in two days' time my mother would take up her abode with us for a few weeks; and that, as Miss Jermyn had long been desirous of her return, I hoped she would hold herself in readiness to set off for home on the next day but one, as my mother always slept in the room which she occupied.

"Oh, dearest Mrs. Seymour! do not send me away from you!" cried the strange girl, clasping and wringing her hands, "or I shall die with grief—for I shall think you do not love me, and I shall never survive it!"

The time for my belief in such phemon-tolade was now happily past, and I coolly replied, that "in no other but the best and most convenient room in the house could I allow my mother to sleep; therefore, she must go."

"Why so, Mrs. Seymour? I can sleep anywhere. There is a press bed in the little room; and I care not where I sleep, so I am but permitted to stay."

Here she attempted to throw her arms fondly around me, while she repeated,

"Do—there's a sweet woman! do let me stay!"

"Impossible!" I replied, disengaging myself, with a look of aversion, from her embrace. On which she started up, and exclaimed—

"I am sure some one has been telling you stories of me, and you are set against me."

"There is no one in this house, Miss Jermyn, who would presume to say anything to me against any guest of mine."

"And, pray, does Mr. Pendarves know I am to be sent away at a moment's warning?"

"He does not yet know that you are going away at two days' notice, to make room for my

mother, and that I may enjoy her society, after a long absence, uninterrupted."

"Oh! if that be all, I will promise never to interrupt your *little-a-lies*."

"They will not be *little-a-lies*; my husband will be of our party."

"And, pray," answered she, with great suavity, "how am I to go home? I am sure Mr. Pendarves will not approve of me going home in the stage without a protector."

"Nor would his wife; and I will settle the mode of conveyance with him."

"Oh! if I must go, I will see if I cannot settle that myself."

At this moment, my mother entered the room, and with her my husband; and Miss Jermyn, to hide her disordered countenance, abruptly disappeared.

"What is the matter with Miss Jermyn?" said Seymour.

And I told him; but in a voice that was not as assured as I wished it to be.

"So soon!" cried he, starting. "Is it not too sudden? Will it not look as if she was sent away in a hurry?"

"Sent away in a hurry!" exclaimed my mother, looking earnestly in his face. "Why should any one suspect that?"

"Oh dear! no one ought, certainly; but after her having stayed so long—however, I think she has been here long enough, and the sooner she goes the better."

"Then, as you think thus, and her mother has long wished for her, her departure shall remain fixed for the day after to-morrow, and—" Here I was interrupted by Seymour's being called out of the room. He did not return for some minutes; when he did, he seemed disturbed.

During his absence, the nurse brought me my child; and both my mother and myself were too agreeably engaged with her to talk of Charlotte Jermyn. But Seymour's evident abstraction and uneasy countenance drew my mother's attention to him; and after a moment's thought she said, "That seems a very strange, presuming girl, Seymour; and I really think with you it is time she were gone."

"Oh yes—certainly; and she was very willing to go."

"So much the better," replied my mother; while I suppressed, for fear of alarming her suspicious, the "How do you know that?" which was on my lips; for, if her feelings were so changed, he must have changed them; and she it was who had desired him to be called out of the room.

Seymour's horses now came to the door; but before he left us, I begged to know how he meant Miss Jermyn should travel.

"She came," said I, "in the coach which passes our gate; and then her mother's maid came with her, and I cannot spare a servant to attend her."

"I can drive her home in my curricle; if we set off at five in the morning, we can perform the journey with ease before dark."

Pendarves said this in a hurried, conscious manner, which did not escape the quick eye of my mother; and while I hesitated how I could best word my decided objection to this plan, which would, I knew, excite disagreeable observation among the servants, that ever-watchful friend replied, "Hear my plan—it is far better than yours. The mornings are yet cold and dark at five; lend me your horses for my chariot; and as I want to visit a friend of De Walden's, who lives half way to Mr. Jermyn's, with whom I have business, I will take this opportunity of going. My maid shall accompany us; and while I stay at Mr. De Mont's, she shall see Miss Jermyn safe to her father's."

"Well, if Miss Jermyn likes this plan."

"She would prefer going with you, no doubt," said I, smiling; "but as this plan will be a convenience to my mother, we need not consult her wishes."

"Oh no—very true, very true," said he, in a fluttered tone (but not owning that he had promised to drive her); "and when I return from my ride, I shall expect to find you have arranged everything with her."

He then ran down stairs, and galloped off, as if to avoid speaking to Charlotte; for I saw her from the window run along the path to the road, to catch his eye if she could, and give him a signal to stop and speak to her.

Soon after she joined us; and I thought I saw a triumphant meaning on her countenance, which increased to a look of almost avowed exultation; when, on my saying, "Now, let us tell you how we have arranged matters for your journey," she eagerly interrupted me, and exclaimed, "Oh! I have arranged that with Mr. Pendarves, and he is to drive me in his curricle."

I did not answer her, for her look disconcerted me; but my mother did, coldly saying,

"Mr. Pendarves did mean to do so, but for my convenience he has altered his plan."

She then went on to inform her what the new plan was; and the mortified, indignant girl burst into tears, and left the room.

"That is a very self-willed, pernicious young person, I suspect," observed my mother; "but I flatter myself that her journey with me will do her some good—at least, if it does not, it shall be my fault."

Then, being too wise and too delicate to say more, she changed the subject; nor was any allusion made to Miss Jermyn till Seymour returned on foot; for he left his horse at the stables; and as he saw us in the drawing-room, which was on the ground floor, he came in at the window, being impatient, he said, to welcome me down stairs.

But he had probably another reason for that mode of entrance; he feared, I suspect, that Charlotte Jermyn would want to speak to him, and he was not disposed to listen to her reproaches, for having given up his design of driving her home.

My suspicions were confirmed by my seeing her walking along the path which commanded the approach to the house; and this path Seymour had avoided by going to the stables, but she did not long remain there, for on looking towards the house, she saw my husband standing at the window with me, with one arm round my waist, while with his disengaged hand, he was stroking the cheek of the child which I held to my bosom, and was rocking to rest.

Happy as I was at this moment, I could not

help throwing a hasty glance towards this strange girl, who now rapidly drew near, and as she passed the window, curbed to us with a countenance in which every unamiable feeling seemed to be uppermost.

She then threw open the half-door with violence—threw it to with the same force—then ran to her own chamber, and closed the door of that with such energy, that it could be heard all over the house. Nor did we see her again till dinner, when, although she had taken uncommon pains with her dress, her eyes were swelled with crying, and her whole appearance so indicative of gentle sorrow, that Seymour's voice softened even to tenderness when he addressed her, and mine was consequently as strikingly cold and severe. Meanwhile, my mother was a silent, but an observant spectator, and both Pendarves and Miss Jermyn seemed oppressed by the penetrating glance of her eye.

In the evening, Seymour proposed reading to us aloud; and as I wished to sit up late, for reasons you may easily guess, I was glad of so good an excuse as staying to hear an interesting book. But I had reason to repent having allowed feeling to prevail over prudence, for when my mother came to me the next day, she found I had caught cold, and together with the fatigue of sitting up too late, was in no condition to go down that day at all. Nor could my mother bear to leave me; consequently, I had the mortification of finding that in trying to avoid a slight evil, I had fallen into a greater. But my mother, who had, I doubt not, heard from her maid what the servants had observed, requested Miss Jermyn would be so kind as to sit with us, and teach her two sorts of work which she excelled in; and she could not, without great incivility, refuse compliance. However, at the hour when she was accustomed to walk with Seymour, she started up, declaring she could stay no longer, because it was her last day there, and she was sure Mr. Pendarves would walk with her. We could not object to this on any proper ground, and she was putting her knitting and her netting into her work-bag, when we heard a carriage drive to the door, and a servant came up to inform me that Lord Charles Belmont was below, and his master desired him to say he meant to dine with us.

Little did I think that Lord Charles would ever be a welcome guest to me; but at this moment he was so, for I saw that Charlotte Jermyn looked disappointed. My joy, however, vanished when I recollected that it was by no means desirable Lord Charles should witness this indiscreet girl's evident attachment to Pendarves; and just before she went to her own apartment, my mother said, to my great relief, "You must then dine with us to-day, Miss Jermyn; for you are too young and too old at the same time to be the only female at a table where Lord Charles Belmont is."

"Well, if I must I must," was her reply, and she left us.

But while I was rejoicing that circumstances would force her to dine with us, I heard her rapidly ascending the stairs; and throwing open the door hastily, she told us with a look of delight, that she was going to walk; for Lord Charles had brought his sister, Lady Harriet, with him, whom he was conveying home from school for the holidays, and Mr. Pendarves had told her she must do the honors to the young lady, as I was not able to attend her. "And so," she added, "I must also dine below, for he told me so." And without waiting for our opinion or reply, she again disappeared; and we soon after saw her laughing with Lord Charles on the lawn, as if she had known him for years.

"How he will show her off!" said my mother, "to-day! That young man has more ingenious malignity about him than any one I ever saw. When I was nursing Seymour at Oxford, he came to see him, and in order to make the poor invalid laugh, he used to make masters, deans, and fellow-commoners pass in rapid succession before us, like the distorted figures in a magic lantern."

This view of what was likely to happen—as a relief to my mind, for I had not expected that Lord Charles would try to draw her forth for his own amusement; I had feared he would be contented to amuse himself with observing her admiration of Pendarves.

When they returned from their walk, I was vexed to observe that Lady Harriet held her brother's arm, not my husband's; and I also saw that Charlotte leaned on him and looked up in his face in the same improper manner as she did when

TOBACCO—Prices are firmer for both Leaf and Manufactured, and for some descriptions of the latter a further advance has been realized. The accounts from Richmond as well as from the West indicate high prices in those localities.

WOOL—There is a good demand for the medium and low grades, of which the stocks are now extremely light, while for other descriptions there is but little demand. Sales of 240,000 lbs. ranging from 31 to 35c for No 1 pulled and common, and 30c @ 47c, cash, for quarter and full blood.

THE CAPTURED SLAYER.

A young spark, who boarded at one of the principal hotels in San Francisco, had managed for a long time, by one artifice or another, to postpone the payment of his bill. At last the landlord became quite impatient, and stepping up to his juvenile boarder, slapped him gently on the shoulder, and asked him for some money. "I have not a cent about me at present," was the laconic reply. "But, my dear sir," said the landlord, "I cannot afford to keep a boarding-house without being paid." "Well," exclaimed the young philosopher, "if you cannot afford it, sell out to some one that can." "Max—A province packed up in two yards of skin.—Dance." "A new Law is generally the child of a new Evil." "In society, who does not mix with retailers; raw wood doesn't speak to halfpenny balls of worsted; tallow in the cask looks down upon sixes to the pound, and pig-iron turns up its nose at tuppenny nails." "What is mine, even to my life, is hers I love; but the secret of my friend is not mine." "While Shame keeps its watch, Virtue is not wholly extinguished from the heart.—Burke." "The U. S. brig Dolphin arrived at New York on Monday, having on board Capt. Townsend, the commander of the Echo, as a prisoner. He will be kept in the custody of the frigate Salado to await the requisition of Mr. Hamilton, the United States Marshal of South Carolina, who has the Echo in custody for adjustment. Captain Townsend is a native of Rhode Island, and has a wife and three children residing in Providence. He is about thirty-three years of age, and a man of superior address and education. He is tall and well formed, and has prepossessing features. He speaks freely upon the affairs of the voyage of the Echo, and states that he was driven to engage in the slave-trade because of ill success in his voyages in legitimate commerce. After the Echo left New Orleans, he states that he called the crew at and said to them that he proposed to go into the slave trade, and promised them \$900 each if they would continue on the voyage. The Portuguese and Spaniards were probably aware of the nature of the voyage before it was projected. All the crew acceded to the proposition. Instead of proceeding to St. Thomas, for which port she had shipped, the Echo shaped her course for the Coast of Africa. When she reached Congo River she landed two Spaniards, the slave agents, who went to look after the cargo, and the Echo proceeded to an island on the coast for water and fresh provisions. "When off of Sierra Leone, on her return, she discovered the Dolphin making towards her under British colors. She supposed the Dolphin to be a Spanish brig, which had hoisted British colors for a ruse, not supposing that there was any American vessel of war cruising among the West Indies, or off there, that any American vessel would take a sudden interest in the matter to interfere. When it became evident that the Dolphin was gaining on her, the crew of the slave trader fled from the hedges from her masts, and sawed down and cast overboard her bulwarks, to increase her speed. At the same time the liquor closets were opened, and the excitement of the crew was heightened by the general intoxication of the crew. "After a chase of nearly nine hours the Dolphin fired two blank cartridges at the Echo to make her show her colors. This was not regarded, and Captain Maffit ordered a shot to be fired, which passed a few feet from her stern. The Echo then ran up American colors, and the Dolphin immediately hoisted down the British flag and ran up the stars and stripes. The next shot fired passed between the masts of the slave, and seeing that she was not entirely at the mercy of the Dolphin the Echo then hoisted down the American colors. "Captain Townsend is connected with an honorable family in Rhode Island. He distinguished himself in the war with Camperdown or his determination and bravery. He is somewhat dejected and melancholy, but is confident of escaping the extraordinary penalty of his crime by the verdict of a South Carolina jury. He expresses his gratification at being captured by an American vessel of war, and is grateful to Lieut. Maffit for the kind treatment he has received at his hands while a prisoner. He has not at any time been placed in irons but has been confined below decks, and guarded by a sentry. "The Government concluded on the 8th an arrangement with the American Colonization Society, by which the latter agreed to sustain and instruct the captured Africans for one year after their arrival in Liberia, having a view to their health and comfort. For this service, somewhat less than \$50,000, which was originally proposed by the Society, is to be paid.

"PHILOSOPHERS' CAMP."—The northern part of St. Lawrence County, New York, and most of the region immediately adjacent to Lake George, is regularly visited by gentlemen from all regions who go there to fish, hunt, and recreation. Correspondent of the New York Evening Post, writing from that region, gives the following account of a party of "philosophers," with whom people here are pretty well acquainted:—"On Follenby Pond, a beautiful lake of some miles in circuit, is encamped a party of gentlemen, whose character and antecedents have given to their chalet the name of the Philosophers' Camp. Knowing one of the gentlemen at the camp, and being commissioned by Martin to carry up some stores, we paid them a visit and found the party consisted of Professor Agassiz, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Professor Jeffrey Wyman, James Russell Lowell, Dr. Holmes, Mr. Stillman, Mr. Binney, Mr. How, and Dr. S. G. Oliver, with ten guides. A headland overlooking the blue expanse of the waters, and overlooking by the mountains, had been selected for camp, and an excellent spruce covered shanty and a tent used for the guides. A fire of trunks of trees lined the benches by night, and the pillar of smoke by day, while an American ensign waved a sublime ostentation over the scene. "The camp was a permanent one, and its arrangements complete. A butchery, where deer and fish were cut up and the offal buried, kennel for hounds, a landing for boats, and a covered kitchen for preparing dinner, were a portion of its accommodations. The habits of the philosophers were as well arranged as their camp. At daybreak the tall butler in the lake and then separated for the different parts of the day. Agassiz catches bugs and other insects with an industry and enthusiasm at astonishes the guides, who are more bent on getting rid of the same insects than in securing them. Sam Panning, one of our guides, saw him, imitates his manner very successfully, running round as if endeavoring to catch some imaginary insect, which he at last seizes, either in the air or in his mop of hair, and then as he pinches him between his thumb and index, exclaims:—"A rare fine specimen of a bog, verve." Dr. Wyman collects specimens of the anatomy of the wild animals of the district, and the dissection of stomachs of deer may be seen, inflated with wind and tied up with bands between different trunks, like hams, as they are waiting to enter up. Holmes shoots and writes, Emerson reads and watches Stillman fish, and when the day's amusements are ended, the supper dispatched, and the whole party are gathered around the big fire, earnest in their talk and lively expression, it would not be amiss to affirm that no such outcrop of intellect is assembled at one headquarters in the land of the chivalry to where the fisher baits a single and the hunter twangs his bow on the larchen banks of the Tomsicouta."

WONDERFUL ACCIDENT, OF THE—M. GARDNER, a French machinist, has it is said, perfected his aerial ship, at a cost of 300,000 francs, and made a voyage to Algiers, Africa, and back by it—a distance of fifteen hundred miles in the starting point: the average speed was most one hundred miles an hour, the voyage occupying eighteen hours. M. Gardner is to take the attempt from Havre to the city of New York, as soon as he has tested the character of his invention by a few short trips over the Mediterranean and its neighboring ports. Governor Kier, of New York, has declared Staten Island in a state of insurrection, and has led out troops to protect the quarantine.

THE STOCK MARKET. CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Stocks	Asked	Bid	Stocks	Asked	Bid
U. S. 5% 1861	104	103	U. S. 5% 1862	104	103
U. S. 5% 1863	104	103	U. S. 5% 1864	104	103
U. S. 5% 1865	104	103	U. S. 5% 1866	104	103
U. S. 5% 1867	104	103	U. S. 5% 1868	104	103
U. S. 5% 1869	104	103	U. S. 5% 1870	104	103
U. S. 5% 1871	104	103	U. S. 5% 1872	104	103
U. S. 5% 1873	104	103	U. S. 5% 1874	104	103
U. S. 5% 1875	104	103	U. S. 5% 1876	104	103
U. S. 5% 1877	104	103	U. S. 5% 1878	104	103
U. S. 5% 1879	104	103	U. S. 5% 1880	104	103

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FOR SUMMER COMPLAINTS, CHOLERA MORBUS, DYSENTERY, & DIARRHOEA, JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALM will be found a certain and safe remedy. It has been the standard remedy with hundreds of families for nearly thirty years, each year adding to its popularity and usefulness. To every mother we therefore say, keep a bottle of it constantly in your house, as it may thereby be the means of saving the life of some of your family. It is pleasant to the taste, and the youngest children will take it without difficulty. The following certificate is worthy perusal:

HOWARD'S GINGER, Rheoigan Co., Wis. DR. D. JAYNE—Some time ago my wife was attacked with Diarrhoea, which continued for three weeks, and during that time she was attended by different physicians, who, with all their skill, could not stop the disease. I had lost all hopes of her recovery, then I happened to think of your Medical Almanac, and after having consulted it, I found that you recommended your Carminative Balm. After my wife had taken two doses of it she had some relief, and two bottles effected a perfect cure.

THE QUESTION SETTLED—Those eminent men, Dr. James Clark, physician to Queen Victoria, and Dr. Hughes Bennett, say that consumption can be cured. Dr. Wistar knew this when he discovered his Balm of Wild Cherry, and experience has proved the correctness of his opinion. "Every one unless it has the written signature of 'J. Wistar' on the wrapper."

IF THERE be any of our readers who doubt touching the magic power of PERRY DAVIS'S KIDNEY PILLS to remove pain, we advise them to buy one twenty-five cent bottle and give it a trial. We never yet knew it to fail. Sold by druggists and grocers.

WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER AND PLATED WARE.—First class goods constantly on hand. The subscriber paying cash for every article is enabled to sell goods at very low prices. THOS. W. BAILY, 622 Market Street, Phila. s21-18

MARRIAGES. Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th ultimo, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M. Mr. JACOB CHOUKE, to Miss HARRIET WARRINGTON, both of this city.

On the 21st instant, by the Rev. John A. McKean, HENRY J. DAVIS, Esq. to Miss AMANDA T. daughter of N. Longmire, Esq. both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. J. B. Dales, D. D., Mr. JOHN S. WILSON, of the firm of Kilgore, Wilson & Co. to Miss ANNA E. PRAY, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Joseph Atwood, Mr. JAMES C. GRAY, of this city, to Miss FANNY SMITH, of Gloucester city, N. J.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. J. M. Maion, Mr. DANIEL DRAVTON, to Miss REBECCA S. EVANS. On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Alfred Nevins, D. D., Mr. SAMUEL JEFFRIES, to Miss ADELAIDE BARRETT, both of this city, and an enterprising man, knowing a good chance can do no harm, and may do well by addressing, with outline of particulars, CAPITAL, Box 1306 P. O., Philadelphia.

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There is a State well known to Fame, That every man admires, The noblest of the "Old Dominion," The State that "never tires." The mother, the Old Dominion, And it is our intention To show that she has given birth, Through genius and invention, To something more than one who rules The people of a nation. That is, the best to bless mankind Throughout the vast creation.

One of the Old Dominion's sons, Fond of his coffee, very, Constructed a plan by which to get The flavor from the berry: And as we live in days of steam, He thought he'd not eschew it, To bring about what he desired: Steam was the thing to do it. A coffee pot he then did make, On which he placed reliance: In its construction, based upon The principles of science, He made it for a coffee pot That would defy all scandal. The "Old Dominion Coffee Pot" He placed on it as a handle. 'Twas christened at its birth, And with this name was patented. A boon for all the earth. A priceless secret that will convince To happiness and health, And bless us through economy, Which is the road to wealth. This fact is fixed, and may it be Proved to a demonstration: And that it may be understood, We'll give an explanation.

In all old-fashioned coffee pots, So as the coffee boils, The fragrant aroma of its sweet, The subtle steam disengages, Then, laden with aroma, it Escapes from lid and nose, And with the coffee's virtues also, Right up the chimney goes. Inspired days ago remained, This simple fact revealing, That steam has only left behind What was not worth the stealing. But, in the "Old Dominion" steam Is in its course arrested, And the secret it has long retained, Is suddenly divested. A reservoir is found, And laden with its stolen sweets, The steam therein is damped. No fragrance, therefore, can escape: No virtue can be wasted. Two facts the "Old Dominion" proves, When once its coffee's tasted. But try a cup, you'll find it will Of choicest nectar savor. A drink well worthy of the gods, Delicious in its flavor.

Don't think that, if you lay aside The pot you have been using, And buy an "Old Dominion" Pot, You are your purse abusing: It is not so; what you invest Is far from being lost. The coffee saved within a year, Ten times pays the cost. There's not a household using it, But holds to this opinion. And if you're wise, you'll go at once, And buy an "Old Dominion."

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CHARLES MERRILL & SONS, 117 Hardware Dealers, 556 Grand St., N. Y.

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Will and Sunset.

MEETING OF THE MONSTERS.

BY ULTRA MARINE TELEGRAPH.

At a meeting of the monsters of the deep, held at Cape Breton, yesterday afternoon, the Prince of Wales was chosen President, who stated the object of the meeting to be to decide upon the merits of the Atlantic Cable, its probable infringement upon the rights of original settlers, and generally to consider what it all meant. Suddenly, he said, they found this cable thrust down among them, which was calculated to deceive the small fry, as they deemed that it was something to eat. He himself had rubbed his nose against it, but could make no impression upon it. It was a little matter, but still it was to be looked at as opening a way through their domain, and he wished for a free expression of the opinion of the meeting. He was convinced that though they were fish they wouldn't be scaly about the matter, and if everything was satisfactory, he for one would say, let it slide.

Thomas Cod, Esq., was one that had been deceived by the line, and had, in his efforts to bite it, broken out several of his front teeth. [A voice in the crowd—"Go to the dentist's and get some new ones, and charge them to the telegraph company."] He heard the suggestion, and perhaps should profit by it, but his feelings were outraged by the deception.

J. Shark, Esq., of the detective force, said that as he was chasing a delinquent mullet, he came in contact with the line, and received a severe injury in his head. He begged the company to look at the wound. [He removed a large piece of kelp and revealed a deep mark over his right eye.] He confessed that he had been staggered by the blow, and asked if the company would see anybody injured in that way.

Sergeant Swordfish, of the Marines, declared that he had been started by what he had heard. The domain of the main had been invaded, and he, for one, was ready to throw away his scabbard, and go and saw off the cable.

King Fish, Esq., took the same view as his military friend, and went in for cutting off. Mr. Horse Mackerel thought there was cause to suspect anything in this line they couldn't see the end of. For his part, he thought all respectable fish should raise their tongues and sounds against it.

Jolly Porpoise, Esq., rose to speak, when every fin seemed to vibrate, and a universal smile spread over the audience. He said he had not come to make a speech, but he was of opinion that he might say something, as he usually did when he spoke. He was for introducing pacific measures, even though this was in the Atlantic. [Laughter.] He was not one to believe that that line was going to affect any fish that was not a chowder head. [Hear, hear.] If fish would confine themselves simply to cold water, there would be no danger. For his part, he was disposed to blow for the new line. [Cheers.]

Mr. O'Shannon Shadd had come to listen rather than take any active part in the business of the meeting, but he and his companion, Mr. Bluefish, from a summer visit to the Glades, had learned to respect Yankee prowess, and would say if that enterprising class of animals had anything to do with the present mysterious arrangement, he wouldn't oppose it, because it would do no good. It was bound to go.

Mr. Bluefish responded, "That's so!" and a young Tautog, whose ancestor had fallen at Compton, wiped away a briny tear, as he endorsed the response.

Mr. Deepsea Cod didn't see much cause for uneasiness, although he could not feel a direct interest in the matter, as, thanks to science, he was now master of a little life of his own, in which his interest was concentrated. The cry of "Liver" he had just heard in the crowd, did not affect him. He threw back the imputation, and would say that through his liver many human lights had been kept from going out. He was a philanthropist, and was willing to sacrifice himself so long as it would pay.

Mr. Bigg Blackfish did not apprehend much trouble from it, only he was opposed to all innovations. He didn't believe in any new fangled notions at all, and thought that by consenting to let the cable remain, they were encouraging the vagaries of the fish out of water. He would move the passage of the following resolution:

Resolved, That the long line across our territory is an infringement, and should not be allowed.

This resolution was discussed by Messrs. Cod, Haddock, Dolphin, and others chiefly in opposition, when the resolution was lost.

It was then voted that the cable be allowed to remain, and the proceedings were ordered to be published, to be furnished through the cable, a battery of electrical eels having volunteered their services for the occasion.

After thanking the president for the polite and impartial manner in which he had discharged his duties, the meeting dissolved in deep water. [Boston Gazette.]

A MINISTER'S WALK AND CONVERSATION.—The editor of the North Carolina Presbyterian, who is at the Virginia Springs, has heard a good story of Speaker Orr and the Rev. Dr. W. of Lexington. Not long since, the story goes, they were both at the Warm Springs, and met in a public room of the hotel. They had been sitting with other company, and after awhile the doctor rose and walked across the room with the usual limp in his gait. Mr. Orr immediately recognized him, and asked if he were not the chaplain at the University of Virginia at such a time, naming the year. The doctor replied that he was. "I was there," said Mr. Orr, "a student at the University, and I knew you by your limp." "Well," said the doctor, "it seems your limping made a deeper impression on you than my preaching." The joke placed Mr. Orr in an awkward predicament, and most men would have been unable to extricate themselves, but he replied with ready wit:—

"Ah, doctor, it is the highest compliment we can pay a minister to say he is known by his soul rather than by his conversation."

A Doctor's Lesson.—The following are some of the remarks made by a doctor to a patient who had just finished his dinner, if he didn't do so it is because he goes to church regularly. It is because he has nothing else to do; if he doesn't it is because he has no respect for the Sabbath or religion. If he speaks to a poor person, he keeps bad company; if he passes them by, he is better than other folks. When he has a good carriage, he is extravagant; if he uses a poor one, on the score of economy, he is deficient in necessary pride. If he makes parties, it is to soft soap the people to get their money; if he doesn't make them he is afraid of a cent! If his horse is fat, it is because he has nothing to do; if he is lean, it is because he isn't taken care of. If he drives fast it is to make people think somebody is very sick; if he drives slow, he has no interest in the welfare of his patients. If he dresses neat, he is proud; if he does not he is wanting in self-respect. If he works on the land, he is fit for nothing but a farmer; if he doesn't work, he is too lazy to be anything; if he talks much, "we don't want a doctor to tell everything he knows;" if he doesn't talk, "we like to see a doctor social;" if he says anything about politics, he had better let it alone; if he doesn't say anything about it, "we like to see a man show his colors;" if he visits his patients every day, it is to run up a bill; if he doesn't, it is unjustifiable negligence; if he says anything about religion, he is a hypocrite; if he doesn't, he is an infidel; if he uses any of the popular remedies of the day, it is to cater to the whims and prejudices of the people to fill his pockets; if he doesn't use them, it is from professional selfishness; if he is in the habit of having counsel often, it is because he knows nothing; if he objects to it on the ground that he understands his own business, he is afraid of exposing his ignorance to his superiors; if he gets pay for one-half his services, he has the reputation of being a great manager.

THE HEAT AND LIGHT OF THE SUN.—Considering the enormous and incessant emanation of light and heat from the sun, the question has often arisen whether the volume of the sun undergoes any diminution. If the high temperature is kept up either by electric currents or by friction, no loss of volume would be sustained; but if, according to the hypothesis of Newton, light is produced by the actual emission of luminous particles, a diminution of volume would appear to be a necessary consequence. Observation, however, can afford us no information on this head; for, supposing an actual diminution to be going on at such a rate as to lessen the diameter by two feet in twenty-four hours—which, having regard to the sun's magnitude, may be considered as enormous—three thousand years would elapse before the diminution of the apparent diameter would amount to a single second. The great mystery, according to high astronomical opinion, is to conceive how so enormous a configuration—if such it be—can be kept up. Every discovery in chemical science here leaves us completely at a loss, or rather seems to remove further the prospect of probable explanation. New theories are constantly being propounded, most of which are either at variance with all the established laws of astronomical science, or otherwise inherently absurd.

THE HOOP.—Leigh Hunt goes into ecstasies when describing the additional beauties which the hoop added to the female figure. "When it was large, and the swell of it hung at a proper distance from the person, it became not an habilliment, but an enclosure. The person stood aloof from it, and was imagined to do so. The lady, like a goddess, was half concealed in an hemisphere out of which the rest of her person rose like Venus out of the billows. When she moved, and the hoop was at proper length as well as breadth, she did not walk—her steps were not visible—she was borne along; she was wafted; came gliding." Thompson, in his juvenile days, was also seized with this madness for the hoop. He writes:

"One thing I mind—a spreading hoop she wore, Than nothing which adorns a lady more; With equal rage could I its beauties sing— I'd with a hoop make all Parnassus ring."

STENOGRAPHY.—This mode of writing was known to the Greeks; and Plutarch, in his life of Cato informs us that the celebrated speech of that patriot relating to Catiline's conspiracy was taken in short hand. Cicero, at that time consul, placed *notarii*, or short hand writers, in different parts of the senate-house to preserve the speech. We are also further informed that Titus Vespasian was remarkable for the rapidity with which he wrote short-hand. He not only applied it to purposes of business, but of diversion; it was his custom to get his amanuenses together, and entertain himself with trying which of them could write the fastest.

THE REVISED OLD TIMES.—The craving for strong excitement which formerly drew crowds of all classes to witness executions, &c., is curiously illustrated by the fact that the heads of the rebel lords placed over Temple Bar in 1747 were objects of great attraction; telescopes were fixed for the use of the curious at a half-penny a peep. "Not thirty years ago," says Mr. A. Hayward, in one of his essays, "it was customary for the governor of Newgate to give a breakfast to thirteen or fourteen persons of distinction on the morning of an execution. The party attended the hanging, breakfasted, and then attended the cutting down."

A clergyman, who lives on the seashore, says he prefers calm Sundays, because he is opposed to Sabbath breakers.

A race of nobles may die out, A royal line may leave no heir; Wise Nature sets no guards about Her power plate and wooden ware.

But they fall not, the kingly breed, Who starry diadems attain; To daisies, sage, and stalks succeed Heirs of the old hereditary strain.

—James Russell Lowell.

THE CUT DIRECT.—We once heard of a Kentuckian, whose amazing strength was attested with very fatal consequences. He was cutting a slice of bread and butter, when the knife slipped, and cut himself in half, and two men behind him.



A TRIFLING MISTAKE.

YOUNG PRACTITIONER.—"Hem, very odd—I must have made some mistake; there's nothing the matter with this tooth. Never mind, I'll try again. Of course, I won't charge you for pulling more than one of them—no matter how many I take out."

Agricultural.

STORING GRAIN.

I see it proposed in a late Mark Lane Express, to use hermetically sealed canisters for the storing of grain, on the plea, that "there can be no doubt, if we were to put dry wheat into a hermetically sealed tin can, it might be kept as long as the famed Mummy wheat of Egypt," to which it is replied, "This will be readily admitted, but the expense would be queried;" while another proposer adds, "The wheat canister should be a wrought iron or cast metal tank of greater or less size according to the wants of the owner, rendered impervious to moisture and atmospheric influence by a top hermetically closed, covered outside with a coat of hydraulic or other cement, and if necessary, first with a coat of preservative varnish; the air-chamber closed with an iron plug or lid with a pad of leather, caoutchouc, or gutta percha introduced between the parts in contact, and by an inner cover adapted to the neck of the chamber, hermetically sealed."

On reading this exact and capital mode of management, attended with so much trouble and cost, I was led to the remembrance of the best and cheapest granary that I had ever known, and which I should consider as all-sufficient for every common purpose, the fittings up being just in proportion to the quantity of grain to be preserved, and perfectly rat, mouse, and weevil proof, as well as (after the first cost) inexpensive for a generation. Such a fixing I witnessed at a farm in New Jersey, where all seemed just as it should be, and to appearance the arrangement had been much service. It consisted of four, five, or more stout iron-bound casks, placed on a wooden rack, sufficiently high for a dog or cat to pass under, with a bung-hole in each cask to receive the pipe of a hopper by which to fill it with clean, well dried grain, and rendered completely air-tight by a simple wooden plug driven tightly into the bung-hole immediately after the filling; while a large tap with a spigot was fixed in the head of each cask, by which to draw off the grain when needed, each spigot being secured by a small padlock, to prevent depredation. It must be remarked, these casks require to be made of perfectly seasoned wood to prevent shrinkage, but if this should ever take place, the evil is repaired by merely driving the hoops tighter. It may be needless to add, before any grain can be drawn from the tap of one of these granary bins, air must be given by removing the vent-plug, being careful to replace it immediately afterwards. —Boston Cultivator.

HOW TO OBTAIN GOOD GARDEN SEED.—The importance of good seeds for the production of good garden vegetables, cannot be overrated. When poor seeds are planted, of course an inferior or worthless product is the result. The practice of saving the latest ripened seeds prevails to a great extent, or of depending entirely upon the seedman for a supply. Neither practice is a good one. The reasons against the first, are very obvious—those against the last, are, as a general rule, seeds furnished by the seedman have not been carefully cured, but the whole crop, good and bad, is thrown in and sold as good seed.

The way to raise good radishes is not only to have a good soil but good seed. The radish is a biennial, but if a worm strikes, it will ripen its seed the first season, and the reproduction from such seed will be wormy radishes. Plant good seed the middle of July, and grow a stock radish from which to ripen seed the next year, and from such seed you may raise good radishes, but certainly not from the first mentioned kind.

The temptation to appropriate to table use the first produced, or ripe vegetables, I know is very great; but the true way is to allow the first sets of tomatoes, cucumbers, pumpkins, squashes, corn, beans, &c., to ripen for seed. Ripening the first sets, and consequently those nearest the root, for seed; not only keeps up the characteristic qualities of the vegetable, but gradually brings it into bearing a little earlier each succeeding year. In this way it is that earlier varieties are induced; whereas, by collecting seeds from the refuse of the vegetable garden in the fall, a constantly inferior vegetable is produced. By a little pains-taking in this direction, the horticulturist may always supply himself with reliable garden seed. —Country Gentleman.

THE CROPS.

The information we have received from our exchanges and correspondents, since the publication of our August number has satisfied us that the views we then expressed respecting the wheat crop were correct. Indeed, the deficiency has proved to be much greater than we had then supposed, and the disaster attendant upon this year's culture of that important cereal far wider spread. This is true also of the oat crop, and particularly in our own, and the adjoining States of Delaware and Virginia. The best information we have from Ohio, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, is that there is a large deficit in the wheat crop in all those States, and in most of them, oats have almost totally failed. In New York, the quantity of wheat produced is considerably less than that of last year, though as in other instances, the quality is better. In Pennsylvania there is probably an average crop of wheat. In Kentucky, though the crop will probably prove above the average, yet it is less than that of last year. In Tennessee the crop generally is a good one, and of good quality, and the same may be said of much of that of Missouri; but the failure in North Carolina of both wheat and oats, has been more disastrous than in any other State. Of the corn crop in Maryland and Virginia, the promise is by no means as bright as it was a little earlier in the season. The long continued drought in these States, as well as in Delaware, has had a most injurious effect upon this product, and the crop will be much smaller than was anticipated. In Tennessee, the great corn growing State, the yield will, according to present advices, be unusually large. In Ohio there will be a great deficiency. From all quarters, however, except in a few localities where the grasshoppers have committed their ravages, we have accounts of heavy and abundant crops of grain. The tobacco crop in Maryland in consequence of the dry weather, will fall much below the average; and in many instances, will not prove more than half a crop. From the letters of our correspondents we have reason to believe that the same causes in Virginia will produce a result similar to that in Maryland. The cotton and cane crops at the South give promise of abundant yields and good quality. The fruit crop the country over is far below an average. In some districts the yield will be good, but in most there is a failure. In Ohio there is a failure in 24 out of 52 counties, and in the rest a falling of 1/4 to 1/2. Of the grape crop in that State, it is said in the Cincinnati Gazette, that there will be almost an entire failure. The crop of apples in Illinois is much below the average. In Eastern Pennsylvania there is an entire failure of the apple crop, but in Massachusetts the prospects are favorable for a large yield. In Michigan the fruit crop will be small. In South Carolina and Georgia the peach crop has been abundant. In Delaware, owing to the late frosts of Spring, there will be but few peaches. In Maryland some of the large peach growers on the Eastern Shore will pull a heavy crop; but, owing to the weather, it is not probable that the fruit will be as large as usual. The apple and pear crop in this State is very far below the average, and in some places it is almost a total failure. —American Farmer for September.

HORSES RUBBING THEIR MANES AND TAILS.—In your impression of June 19, I observe a correspondent has sent you a recipe for "horses rubbing their manes and tails," and you also recommend turpentine. Allow me to offer you the following recipe, which I have always used, and found thoroughly efficacious, and at the same time, most pure, cleanly, and simple:—Sulphuric acid lotion—oil of vitriol, 3 drachms; rain water, 1 1/2 pints; to be well shaken together. (This is a very clean lotion to rub on a horse when you find him rubbing and biting himself.) Rub the lotion on the parts with a sponge two or three times a day. —Ohio Farmer.

WASH FOR TREES.—Make a firm soap of one part of lamp oil (no matter how much candied) and six or eight parts of strong ley or potash solution; one part of this soap and eight of warm water—apply with a brush or cloth attached to a long handle. This wash has been used on young trees with perfect success, entirely destroying the aphids, when the trees were nearly covered with them, and giving to the bark a healthy and vigorous appearance. Apply the wash in February or March. —Mass Farmer.

RECIPE FOR CITRUS PRESERVES.—Prepare the rind, cut into any form you desire; boil very hard thirty or forty minutes in alum water, tolerably strong; take them from the alum water and put into clear, cold water, allow them to stand over night; in the morning, change the water, and put them on to boil; let them cook until they have entirely changed color, and are quite soft; then make your syrup, allowing one and a half pounds of sugar to one pound of fruit; then add your fruit, which needs but little more cooking. Mace, ginger, or lemon, flavors nicely. This receipt is the best I ever saw.

TO DRY SWEET CORN.—I send you a recipe which can be relied on. Boil the corn, then cut it from the cob and spread it on a cloth in a room where the air will circulate freely, taking care not to let the sun shine on it. —Country Gentleman.

CHINESE WIS.—Somebody writes from an American vessel in the Chinese waters that a worthy missionary had scattered several copies of the Ten Commandments on the shore. The next day they were sent back, with the request that they might be distributed among the French and English, for the tracts contained admirable doctrines, and these people evidently much needed them.

Boswell observing to Johnson that there was no instance of a beggar dying for want in the streets of Scotland—"I believe, sir, you are very right," says Johnson; "but this does not arise from the want of beggars, but the impossibility of starving a Scotchman."

CIDER VINEGAR.

There are hundreds of farmers in the western country, who are most of the time, either destitute of vinegar entirely, or make use of some dregs, which is not only unpalatable, but decidedly unhealthy. The vinegar manufactured from acids enters largely into the consumption of towns and cities, and to some extent, into that of the country also. Whiskey, with all its adulterations, is used for the purpose of making pickles, and, in that manner lends its aid to the destroyer of human life. Many other different methods of procuring the acids of life are practiced, and many of which are not only productive of deleterious influences to the health of ourselves and our children, but require far more labor than ought to be bestowed upon that branch of a house-wife's business. We live in an age of labor-saving machines, and we ought to economize, both in labor and money, as well in the less important matters of living as in the more important. Almost every family in the country have the materials for manufacturing pure cider vinegar, if they will only use them. Common dried apples, with a little molasses and brown paper are all you need to make the best kind of cider vinegar. And what is still better, the cider, which you extract from the apples, does not detract from the value of the apples for any other purpose. Soak your apples a few hours—washing and rubbing them occasionally, then take them out of the water and thoroughly strain the latter through a tight woven cloth—put it into a jug, add a half pint of molasses to a gallon of liquor, and a piece of common brown paper, and set in the sun, or by the fire, and in a few days your vinegar will be fit for use. Have two jugs, and use out of one while the other is working. No family need be destitute of good vinegar, if they will follow the above directions.—S. L., in Northwestern Farmer.

THE BORER.—Now is the time for farmers to examine their young trees to ferret out and destroy the borer. They can be found with but little difficulty, by the dust thrown out in their destructive operations. Turn up the soil an inch; sometimes they are pretty well buried. We have found a piece of wire the best instrument with which to put an end to their career. A knife, by cutting hastily away the bark, frequently destroys the tree, and should never be used. A wire, on the contrary, after the hard portion often to be found at the entrance of the worm is removed, can be forced into their holes and crush them. —Germantown Telegraph.

Useful Receipts.

PEACH LEAVES FOR YEAST.—Mrs. Daniel R. Mitchell, of Rome, Ga., says the Rome Courier, has discovered that peach leaves are superior to hops for making yeast. The bread made from it is quite as light and equally well flavored. We understand that the yeast is made in the same way, except that dried peach leaves are used instead of hops.

WORTH A TRIAL.—Mullen leaves smoked in a pipe, in which tobacco has never been used, are said to be a sure cure for the bronchitis.

CURE FOR BALDNESS.—A medical journal says that the decoction of boxwood has been successful in cases of baldness. Four large handfuls of stem and leaves of the garden box are boiled in three pints of water in a closely covered vessel, for fifteen minutes, and allowed to stand in an earthen jar ten hours or more; the liquid is then strained, and one ounce and a half of cologne added, and with this solution the head is well washed every morning.

IMPORTANT HINT IN WASHING CLOTHES.—The American Agriculturist asserts that the great secret of the success of nine out of ten of the washing fluids, mixtures and machines which have been sold over the country for many years past, is not owing so much to the inherent qualities of the articles themselves as to the process of soaking, which they invariably recommend. If people pursuing the old-fashioned system of washing will simply take the precaution to throw all the clothing to be washed into water ten or fifteen hours before beginning operations, they will find half the labor of rubbing and pounding saved in most cases. Water is, of itself, a great solvent, even of the oily materials that collect upon clothing worn in contact with the body, but time is required to effect the solution. Every one is aware of the effect of keeping the hands or feet moist for a few hours—the entire external coating of secretion is dissolved. The same effect is produced by soaking for a few hours clothes soiled by the excretory matter of the skin.

GOOD RECIPE FOR CITRUS PRESERVES.—Prepare the rind, cut into any form you desire; boil very hard thirty or forty minutes in alum water, tolerably strong; take them from the alum water and put into clear, cold water, allow them to stand over night; in the morning, change the water, and put them on to boil; let them cook until they have entirely changed color, and are quite soft; then make your syrup, allowing one and a half pounds of sugar to one pound of fruit; then add your fruit, which needs but little more cooking. Mace, ginger, or lemon, flavors nicely. This receipt is the best I ever saw.

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The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I am composed of 35 letters. My 1, 7, 19, 6, 11, is a species of black tea. My 2, 30, 7, 14, is a book in the Bible. My 17, 20, 3, 13, 5, 26, is a succession of sounds. My 27, 7, 10, 16, 30, 15, 16, 14, was a navigator. My 4, 33, 17, is a resinous substance. My 12, 24, 3, 35, 29, 32, 23, is a county in Georgia. My 14, 2, 21, 19, 6, 32, 17, 33, 30, is the supreme council of the Jews. My 9, 34, 25, 6, is a fish. My 11, 28, 2, 1, was a King of Israel. My 17, 11, 8, 3, is a float of wood. My 14, 31, 17, 34, 21, 18, is a season of the year. My whole was a battle fought in 1814. Lancaster Co., Pa. A. H. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I am composed of 42 letters. My 13, 17, 7, 39, 15, 41, 35, 10, 40, 22, 6, 21, 2, 26, 31, 39, 8, 19, 11, 34, is one of Shakespeare's plays. My 39, 16, 21, 33, 42, 29, is one of the planets. My 18, 36, 25, 7, is a capital of one of the German States. My 13, 8, 26, 4, 27, 32, 1, 19, 12, 30, 5, 39, 21, 23, 9, 3, is one of Scott's novels. My 28, 33, 24, 40, was a celebrated American lawyer and orator. My 14, 36, 39, 4, 20, 39, is a despised class of people. My 37, 38, 20, 3, 39, was a Scotch poet. My whole is a character recently exciting attention. CLIFFORD J. RANDOLPH. Cincinnati, Ohio.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. A man who is by rum accurate, Doth very often become my first; 'Tis a fate of all I think the worst. My second's an article used by all; 'Tis found where the alligators crawl; 'Tis seen in every water-fall. To those who do in cities dwell, My third to them is known so well, I'd lightly speak any more to tell. Three men in a bowl once took a sail; Another man had a ride in a whale. But my fourth will ride you "on a rail." I'm pretty near the end of my rhyme; Can you guess what I am in a week of time? I am found in the sea; in a torrid climate. GAHNEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Hark! 'tis old Winter's chilly blast, That through the trees is humming; Wrapt in a cloud of darkness all— It tells my second's coming. A solitary, muffled figure, Approaches yonder clearing; A faint light o'er the distant hill, Tells that my first he's nearing. He had been absent since my whole, I say it without scoring; And was returning to my first, To give some timely warning. CINROS.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I am composed of 8 letters. Omit my 5, 6, 7, 8, and I am an American currency. Omit my 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, and I am a nickname. Omit my 1, 2, 3, 7, 8, and transpose, and I am a deep excavation. Omit my 1, 5, 6, 7, 8, and transpose, and I am used for fishing. Omit my 4, 5, 8, and transpose, and I am an English currency. Omit my 1, 2, 6, 7, 8, and transpose, and I am a metal. Omit my 3, 4, 6, 7, and transpose, and I am used in gaming. Omit my 1, 2, 4, 8, and transpose, and I am a kind of tree. My whole is a poisonous insect. Cape Island, N. J. J. P. McGOVERN.

ANAGRAMS

On Towns in the United States. WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. BY GEORGE W. DUFFIELD. Saw nothing. At it, mare. Saw a nig. Chew in rest. Shout on. On Rome. O, I am club. Colt heart. Sal Aid. I a rope? Born a G. Fun lot. Now get gone. One dent. Done or wo. Dan Yet.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. A had two pigs to sell; he asked \$4.75 per 10 pounds for them; but B gave him \$4.50 per 10 pounds and 12 1/2 cts on each pig. On weighing them A found that he had got his asking price within 9 1/2 cts. How much did his two pigs weigh? JOELAH.

CONUNDRUMS.

What key is the hardest to turn? Ans. A Don-key. Why is a bee-hive like a defective potato? Ans.—Because one is a bee-holder, and the other is a spec-later. Why is a pawnbroker like a drunkard? Ans.—Because he takes the pledge, but can always keep it. Why is a discontented man like a watch-house dog? Ans.—Because he is a growler.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—"Bargeons, unconscious of impending fate, Could cut his way through woods; but through Gates." HISTORICAL ENIGMA.—The temple of Diana Ephesus. CHARADE.—Larkspur. RIDDLE.—Heart. Hart. Art. Tar. Rat. Tear. E. Tea. At. Eat. CHARADE.—Portugal. (Po. we, gal.) ALLIGATION QUESTION.—23 1/2 lbs. of sugar. BOOKS are men of higher stature, And the only men who speak aloud for future times to hear.—Mrs. Browning.